

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4601

cause wife and mother could not get along together in the same house and I would not want them to try. Another arrangement that occurred to me would be for wife to occupy the Cricket House, which she always professed to love, mother and sister continue to occupy the Sunny Hill House, and I to occupy the Whippoorwill where I ^{had} have ~~at~~ all my books and office equipment, and wife and I board with sister.

Sunny Hill was very beautiful at this time, with iris and other flowers in bloom, the lawns smooth and green, the forest trees cloth^{ed} in fresh green foliage, and the mountain laurel beginning to bloom.

Sunday, 29 May; clear and cold. I took mother with me to the cemetery and we covered father's grave with flowers. Many visitors came out during the day and I took in \$16.50. Sister Nellie attended to the selling and I did the entertaining. Most of the visitors wanted to talk and visit. By evening I was exhausted. The Aarons^{offs} ~~sens~~ were out from Washington and spent the day. They expected to be entertained although they could see that we were very busy. Mrs. Lucy Whipp was up for a short while. She was much interested in the Cricket House where she said a Mr. ^Cline had ~~raised~~ a family of nine children, and in the Whippoorwill where she said she ^{had} lived as a girl. Elizabeth and her husband came up late in the afternoon and cut a lot of the open peonies.

Monday, 30 May; clear and cool. Had Lewis, Milton, and Elizabeth Blank selling peonies in Frederick. Altogether they ~~st~~ sold about \$34 worth of which I gave them half. Eunice and Charlie were out. Had a number of other visitors.

Tuesday, 31 May; a lovely pleasant day. Sister and Eunice cutting and tying peonies. I took mother to town for groceries and collected \$14.75 for the hotel flowers. While sister and Eunice were in the peony field I slipped over to the Cricket House and spent a few minutes very agreeably with Elizabeth, but had to leave quickly be-

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E--4602

~~cause of sister's vigilance. It was quite clear that I was under constant surveillance whenever Elizabeth was on the place.~~ Read the papers, had a shortcake luncheon, took a nap, and then mowed weeds. At the lower place I could find very few of the seedling locusts planted last year. I walked around the house and found Mrs. Sheets and two stupid daughters lying on their backs in scant attire sunning themselves. After supper I had a number of visitors who bought nothing but expected to be entertained.

Wednesday, 1 June; clear and warm. In the early morning I took three large boxes of peonies to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington. Country looking beautiful. I stopped at a dairy in Frederick for a case of orange juice and was back home at 11 a.m. Sister and Eunice cutting and tying peonies. Lewis took a load of peony blossoms to Frederick and had difficulty in disposing of them. His total receipts were less than six dollars, which we divided. In the evening several visitors were out and bought a few flowers.

Thursday, 2 June; another beautiful day. Sister and helpers cutting and tying. I took four boxes of peonies to the express office for New York. In the afternoon there were many visitors out to see the display of peonies, but none to buy. Had a letter from Mr. Bauer asking me not to ship any more peonies this week. Had a letter from wife saying the children had moved to separate apartments in northeast Washington and she had gone to Emma Burton's spare room in southeast Washington.

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(Wife, 2 June, brown folder)

cause of sister's visitation. It was quite clear that I was under constant surveillance whenever I went to the place. Had the papers, had a shortcake luncheon, took a nap, and then bowed. As the lower place I could find very few of the visiting. I walked around the house and found Mrs. Sheets and two stupid daughters lying on their backs in seats. After supper I had a number of visitors who bought nothing but expected to be entertained.

Wednesday, 1 June: clear and warm. In the early morning I took three large boxes of peonies to Galitzersburg for shipment to Washington. Country looking beautiful. I stopped at a dairy in Fredrick for a case of orange juice and was back home at 11 a.m. Sister and Louise cutting and tying peonies. Lewis took a lot of peony blossoms to Frederick and had difficulty in disposing of them. His total receipts were less than six dollars, which we divided.

In the evening several visitors were out and bought a few flowers. Thursday, 2 June: another beautiful day. Sister and helpers cutting and tying. I took four boxes of peonies to the express office for New York. In the afternoon there were many visitors out to see the display of peonies, but none to buy. Had a letter from Mr. Bancro asking me not to ship any more peonies this week. Had a letter from wife saying the children had moved to separate apartments in northeast Washington and she had gone to Mrs. Norton's spare room in southeast Washington.

(Wife, 2 June, Brown folder)

2 June 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of May 31 came today. I am glad you were with Emma last week and that she prevailed upon you to live in her spare room. It's the most sensible thing you have done in two years. I am more than glad that Thelma and Otis are living in separate apartments, but near together. That also was a sensible thing to do. Now without the devastating, irritating, meddling selfish mother love of a mother, foster mother, step mother, or mother-in-law, the two young couples will have the rare privilege of living their married lives in their own way without interference from relatives.

"Sunny Hill really begins to look like its old self again, a place of rare beauty. I have never seen such a glorious spectacle of iris as we have had. The peonies are equally glorious, but a financial fizzle. I turned down orders, and the orders I accepted last week were cancelled, because the buds did not break in time. We sold a few dozen at 60 cents Sunday and Decoration Day at the farm, and I sent Lewis in Saturday and Monday, and Monday his brother Milton, and they sold out at an average of 25 cents, of which they got half. The trouble was that many truck loads of peonies came up from Virginia and around Baltimore and flooded all these little towns. Also the people here have no money and are not buying. Tuesday I sent three boxes to the Pennock Company, and today I have a letter from Mr. Bauer asking me not to send him any more because he is swamped with peonies received before the 30th. The Florists Exchange reports peonies in New York City last week at 10, 15 and 20 cents a dozen and roses at 50 cents per 100. I foresaw this last year and spent about \$50 advertizing stock roots for sale, but got no offers. Just because years ago there was good money in peonies and other flowers everybody has gone into them and now they will not pay expenses.

2 June 1932.

"Dear Willie:

"Your letter of May 31 came today. I am glad you were with
 home last week and that she prevailed upon you to live in her spare
 room. It's the most sensible thing you have done in two years. I am
 more than glad that Thelma and Otis are living in separate apartments,
 but near together. That also was a sensible thing to do. Now with-
 out the devastating, irritating, meddling selfish mother love of a
 mother, foster mother, step mother, or mother-in-law, the two young
 couples will have the rare privilege of living their married lives
 in their own way without interference from relatives.

"Sammy will really begin to look like his old self again, a
 place of rare beauty. I have never seen such a glorious spectacle of
 iris as we have had. The peonies are equally glorious, but a finan-
 cial fiasco. I turned down orders, and the orders I accepted last
 week were cancelled, because the buds did not break in time. We
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 and I sent Lewis in Saturday and Monday, and Monday his brother
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 ed with peonies received before the 30th. The Florida Exchange re-
 ports peonies in New York City last week at 10, 15 and 20 cents a
 dozen and risen at 50 cents per 100. I forecast this last year and
 spent about \$50 advertising stock roots for sale, but got no orders.
 Just because years ago there was good money in peonies and other flow-
 ers everybody has gone into them and now they will not pay expenses.

From now on I shall cut down on labor expenses, all cash outlays, and turn the place into grass as fast as I can, simply keeping the gardens about the house in flowers that I can attend to myself. Just now the peony field in front of the house is nodding with enormous blooms that nobody has the money to buy. Of course, I have had an ad. in the local papers. I feel strongly disposed to put another one in next week inviting the people of Frederick to come out and help themselves, because it seems such a pity for thousands of beautiful blooms to simply 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

"The laurel will be a wonderful sight about next Sunday, blooming for the first time here in two years. In fact, everything is gradually recovering from the terrible drouth.

"Eunice is spending the week with us and this afternoon has gone to town with mother to donate peonies to certain friends.

"This spring I ventured to buy a few dozen lily bulbs, thinking the blossoms would pay for the bulbs and I could get a stock. They cost about 25 cents apiece wholesale. Evidently the rabbits think they were worth it because they neglect all other plants to browse on those lily stalks so that we will have very few blossoms.

"Now that you are in one part of the city and Otis is in another I assume that the wetnursing of the human calf is over and that either he or you is weaned from extravagant ideas on the subject. That's one objective attained--just two years later than necessary.

"How about the other objective, the lifelong ambition to earn an independent salary, an ambition with which I fully sympathize and understand--has that been accomplished, or is there any prospect of its being accomplished? You have said nothing about your efforts to obtain employment at congenial work and remunerative salary, so I know nothing of your experience. You had made money matters so unnecessarily

difficult from the beginning that when you announced, very independently remember, that you proposed to be selfsupporting, my thought was that argument was useless and the only possible way, and the most generous thing I could do, was to refrain from saying anything and to let you try it out and find out for yourself what I and most people realized--that it would be extremely difficult for a woman of your age and without any special training to find employment when so many young people with special qualifications were out of employment. To me it was a tragedy, and I thought it would be for you, but there seemed to be no other way of getting rid of certain obsessions on your part than to stand aside and let you try it out. To you the obsession that you must wetnurse the human calf and earn an independent living were dear enough to lead you to break up our home and desert your husband; to me you were dear enough to just let you do it, without protest or further argument.

"Now that the human calf has been weaned--and he has always been and is as dear to me as to you, and the sponging Jenkinses, Johnsons, Stones, Mrs. Bode, and the human cockroach, are sloughed off, there seems to remain only this question of your earning an independent living. This question I want you to explore to your full satisfaction. No one else can do it for you because you alone can realize when you have realized your ambition. You really decided the question when you married me, but did not realize it. Until you do realize it there can be no compromise or mutual understanding, of course, because you will still have to learn something that most people already know. When you do realize it, all you have to do is to wiggle your little finger and I will understand. The only reason I have kept silent through all your midsummer madness was simply the thought that I might be able to finance your experiment and keep you from want until you could grope your way to an understanding of what

was perfectly obvious to most other people.

"I have sometimes thought that the cash box proposition to which you forced me, and your free access to it, and the checking account you had for five years, always kept replenished, gave you a false idea of my earning capacity and of our real financial situation. My income stopped absolutely on December 31, 1930, a fact that you seemed to refuse to recognize, and it came in the greatest financial depression of modern times--a fact hard to realize by the people of Washington, because government salaries have gone on much the same--other salaries elsewhere have not--most of them have stopped.

"I saw all this at the beginning of 1930. You did not. How much cooperation did I get from my wife in December, 1930 and January of 1931? Can you remember? It seemed to me more like bitter opposition at a most inopportune time, just when it could do most harm to me, to you, and to the children. But that's past and need not be referred to again. I never worry about the past, but do give much thought to the future. My income, outside of the farm, which so far has been run at a loss, is sufficient to support one establishment here comfortably, but wholly insufficient to support two establishments as I have done the last year. Your place is with your husband and in your own home. You have no legal, moral, sentimental, heart-throb or other right to absent yourself so long as you remain my wife, and never have had. You have simply suffered from certain well-intentioned but blind and mistaken obsessions, encouraged somewhat by sponging parasites, which your husband has borne with what patience he could in the belief that you would see the light if allowed to go absolutely free and untrameled, with all expenses paid, until you ran into some of the consequences that were inevitable but which you either could not see or would not admit.

"So far I have simply tried to give expression to my thought, but without any intention to either censure or reproach. I can only repeat what I have said in former letters: When I went abroad very reluctantly and with misgivings in performance of what I thought was a public duty and to make better provision for my family and at great personal sacrifice, I left a very dear little wife, even though she was provoking and trying at times; all during my absence I thought of her; and when I returned with love in my heart and eager expectation I found, not the dear little wife, friend and comrade, but a rather arrogant little woman, filled with bitter enmity toward me, and surrounded by people whom I heartily disliked--at least in the intimacy of my own home--a situation that was intolerable and utterly impossible--because how can one cooperate with an uncompromising enemy? Well, that enemy I never want to see again. But the little wife, yes; her I have thought about, missed and longed for. And just because the last few days we were together you softened, and because the few times we have met since then you seemed almost like your old self, I have thought that maybe you were gradually coming to realize some of the things you shut out of your mind in 1930--31. With an enemy in my own house, such as you were in those years, there can be no living, no compromise, no cooperation; because I am so constituted that I will strike back as I did then and will to the very end. But to wife or friend I can bear and forbear and cooperate almost without limit to get the best out of life. That enmity, I am sure, arose over our different viewpoints with respect to Otis. He is now set up in a separate establishment and I assume that you no longer feel that it is necessary to sacrifice home, husband, and everything else to carrying out your ideas regarding him, which was our principal cause of difference. So that is ended. My only thought regarding him now is that my faith in him has always been greater than yours and that I could have helped him

much more effectively had it not been for your constant solicitude--using a mild term--which to me was much like that of a badly flustered little hen ^{with} ~~when~~ one rooster chick twice as big as she is. Pardon the simile. Anyhow, we may assume that that is ended.

"The only big thing that remains is your desire and ambition to earn your own living and be independent, especially of your husband. Well, how comes it? If you can, you have my best ~~wishing~~ wishes and blessing--because it is a very natural desire that I fully understand. Only, I should remind you that just as a husband sacrifices certain things when he marries and becomes responsible for a wife, so does she sacrifice certain things, and among them is a certain degree of personal and financial independence--because in theory both merge into a single going concern, a partnership. That thought seems never to have been understood or accepted by you as it was by me, and naturally resulted in a certain amount of misunderstanding and friction. Whenever you work that idea of financial independence out to your entire satisfaction, let me know--in your own way and the least embarrassing way to you, of course--but it must be worked out so thoroughly that I shall never again have to listen to it.

"In the meantime I can only repeat, you don't know what you have missed the last year. Sunny Hill, my ~~home~~ and your home, has been coming back from the long drouth and at this season is inexpressibly beautiful, the admiration and envy of many people who could buy us out, lock, stock, and barrel. I do not say this to make you feel bad, but to suggest that you may come to realize that maybe you took the wrong fork of the road when circumstances over which neither you nor I had control made it necessary to leave 1026. Well, when one takes the wrong road the only way to get on the right one is either to retrace one's steps or take a short cut.

"I say all this for your serious consideration. There are many

things that men of limited means cannot do, and one of them is to maintain two establishments, one of them for an absentee wife, when he has not the means. Your one-third share of the loan we negotiated in 1926, made necessary mainly by the separate establishment, will last only until next December--although I shall have to pay interest on it the rest of my life. Beyond that I cannot see, because I neither expect the farm to bring in an income nor any outside employment to materialize. Neither 1926 nor the farm can be sold under present conditions for what we paid for them, and I assume that you agree with me that they should not be sold for less. Now turn on all your concentrated psychic powers and give me the solution--so easy for you, so obscure for me. It is just as much your business and duty to consider these things as it has been mine for years.

"Did you know that little children are crazy about crushed stone? I didn't until recently. Automobiles coming up around the barn, back of the garden, and around in front of the house to rejoin the main driveway, wore two paths where the wheels went which held water and become soft and muddy after rains. Recently I had a load of cracked stone spread over the track-ways to protect them. The last few days several families have been up with little children, boys and girls. Curiously enough these little ones have been far more interested in that cracked stone than in the flowers, the bugs, bees, birds, and bunnies. They fill their pockets with them. Yesterday I asked a little girl what she intended to do with them and what she wanted them for, and her reply, with a shy look of cunning, was 'Mobbles.' Unfortunately their parents make them unload their pockets full of 'mobbles' before they leave, and they always do it on the lawn, which means that I have to pick up each little 'mobble' to keep from breaking the lawnmower. Well, humans, little and big,

are curious critters, even as you and I.

"But, my dear, please do a little honest thinking and try to realize where you are at. I have known where I was á 'at' pretty much since I entered 1026 on my return from abroad, but you still seem to be wandering in the woods.

"Buenos noches.

"Lee.

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4603

Saturday, 4 June; hot, with light shower in the afternoon. Took flowers to the hotel in the morning and did some shopping. On the way in I picked up an old man ^{and took him} as far as Frederick and on the way out I took a young man as far as Shookstown. Neither of them so much as volunteered to tell me his name or thank me for the ride. Had a number of visitors in the afternoon, including a Mrs. Pangborn, wife of a manufacturer in Hagerstown, who took seven dollars worth of peonies. After supper a neighbor family came for flowers for their church. ~~After~~ After noon Elizabeth and her husband came to settle for the flowers they had sold and, urged by his wife, Milton asked for the loan of fifty dollars with which to make a down payment on a pickup. I was much embarrassed because I wanted to help them but felt that I could not afford ^{to} lend any money. To relieve the embarrassment all round I suggested that they wait until the following Monday to give me time to think the matter over.

Sunday, 5 June; clear and hot. Our house was swarming with flies a real pest, and every night before going to bed I would kill hundreds of them on the walls and ceiling with a swatter. Also I caught quarts of them in traps outside. They came from the barnlot and slipped into the house whenever the screen doors were opened. With mother I took flowers to the hotel. Visitors kept coming all day until dark to see the flowers. Sister and Eunice waited on most of them. Tobe Miss and family came up at noon prepared for a long visit. While they were inspecting the electric cooking range I stepped out front and met an

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E--4604

elderly gentleman and a young man. He ~~is~~ was Admiral Robeson who recently bought a place near Braddock Heights. They had walked across from Clifton. I had them over at the Whippoorwill for awhile and gave them some wine. The Sonens were out, he whom I disliked so heartily and on whom cool courtesy and rebuffs made so little impression. He was so extremely well satisfied with himself that apparently he was incapable of understanding ~~that~~ the possibility that he might not be welcome as an uninvited guest. Among the many country ~~and~~ and townspeople who came out ~~were~~ was the Engle family, who once owned Sunny Hill. One of them said the Cubby Hole where I have my office was used by them as a chicken house, the chickens coming up a ladder and through a window. Even after supper the visitors kept coming and I was not sorry when it grew too dark to see.

Monday, 6 June; hot and very dry. Took a load of peonies to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington. Sister and helpers picked the last of the peonies. I did some writing and cut a lot of weeds.

Tuesday, 7 June; clear and hot, but with a drop of fifteen degrees in the late afternoon. I took the last shipment of peonies to Gaithersburg. Roses and honeysuckle blooming nicely. Upon my return I settled with Elizabeth and asked about the pickup they wanted to buy. She said they had arranged in Frederick for the money, which was a relief to me. Had a report on the peonies sent to New York last week. They brought about twenty cents a dozen and after all expenses were deducted I had about five dollars to show for 82 dozen. A young man came up to ask permission to hunt ground hogs, which I refused. Delivered some small peony orders in Frederick. On the way in three young men in a coupe followed and signalled for me to stop. They were interested in renting Lower Sunny Hill House and seemed much disappointed when I ~~th~~ told them it had been rented and occupied for two months or more. They had seen the place while it was

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E--4605

vacant and I remembered them as being dressed in shabby clothes and driving a wornout Ford. Now they were dressed in flashy new clothes and were driving a new coupe. I felt sure they were bootleggers.

After supper I walked about the place. In the silvery moonlight the feverfew, the ~~Philadelphus~~, and the mountain laurel made a great display. Many open peonies were still in the field. The German iris was about gone but the Siberian iris were at their best.

Wednesday, 8 June; clear and cool. Sister and mother went to town before I was up. Mr. and Mrs. Hershey were out for flowers. I did some writing, read the papers, and hoed the rose garden in the forenoon. The laurel this season was the finest I have ever seen. The Pennock Company in Washington reported 94 dozen peonies sold for five dollars, which would not pay the expense of picking and shipping. Peonies and iris about gone, but the feverfew, delphinium, correopsis, and gaillardia, making a good display.

Thursday, 9 June; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to the hotel with mother. Had some visitors in the afternoon. Sister had set some guinea eggs that hatched out today. I mowed some weeds. Mother had a letter from Dorothy Thomas, a granddaughter of uncle George, saying that she was on a bus trip that would reach Frederick tomorrow and she hoped to spend the night with us.

Friday, 10 June; clear and pleasant. Dorothy Thomas telephoned at 1 p.m. that she was in Frederick. I took mother with me and brought her out. She was a slender, bright, intelligent, animated young Kindergarten schoolteacher from Garnet, Kansas. She was one of a party of 150 on an autobus tour of the eastern States. I took her about and showed her the buildings. After supper I showed her the mountain laurel, and in the evening we ^{sat} ~~st~~ on the veranda until it became too cool for comfort. I took some of my things over to the Whippoorwill and gave up my room to her.

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4606

Saturday, 11 June; rather cool. I did not sleep well, partly because of the cold and partly as a result of overexertion. In the morning Sister Nellie, Dorothy, and I walked down to the lower place and brought back a gallon of cherries. We returned by way of the spring. Dorothy was very enthusiastic about the ferns. The laurel was still in full bloom and lovely. Later I drove to town for the lawnmower that had been left for sharpening and bought some strawberries. I also mailed a package of ferns to the home of Dorothy in Kansas. In the afternoon Dorothy and I cut some laurel. The foxgloves were at their best.

(Thelma, 11 June, brown folder)

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4607

Sunday, 12 June; cloudy, showers, and cold. I took Dorothy to the Barbara Fritchie house and waited more than an hour for one of the buses to appear, but it did not come. ^{Then} I took her to the regular bus line office and bought her a ticket to Washington. She was very nervous and a little ^{old maidish} ~~modish~~, but at the same time agreeable. In the evening I made a fire, had a hot bath, and read a book before going to sleep. In the afternoon Mr. Hankey was out and said his amateur radio club had split on the question of putting up a radio station on Observatory Hill.

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(Wife, 13 June, brown folder)

12 June 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"In your last letter you said something about peony prices in Washington. The report for Washington in the Florists Exchange was that some peonies sold retail for 50 cents a dozen but that enormous quantities were peddled on the streets at 25 cents, and enormous quantities were carried over. Same report for all other large cities--s simply an unprecedented glut. Truck loads came to Frederick and other small towns. Our own peonies were fine, but prices so low that they will scarcely pay for the picking. I made only three shipments, one to New York and two to Washington. I inclose report from the Pennock Company showing 94 dozen sold for \$5.00. That is a trifle more than five cents a dozen--and out of that comes 25 per cent commission and express charges, one dollar for boxes, gasolene, and 20 cents an hour for picking, tying and packing. Sales at the ~~farm~~^{farm} were equally disappointing. Many people came to see and admire, but at three dozen for a dollar they would not buy, and at five dozen for a dollar they would buy one dozen. Result, sister and I spent whole days waiting on people and our combined income was about \$5.00.

"What has happened is that millions of peonies have been planted in the last ten years, and the game is up. My problem is how to get rid of my stock so I can put the ground into grass--but nobody wants them. I often think of how human I was in counting chickens before they were hatched when I bought peony roots wholesale at fifty, thirty-five and twenty-five cents each when they were selling retail at 75 to \$1.50; and they were ^upposed to double or treble every year; and how when they were all transplanted and I had 16,000 of them I estimated that in five or ten years I would have at least 80,000 on which I could cash in. Well, some of them developed disease, and the three year drouth killed many of them, held more stationary, and weakened even more, with the result that probably I have not more

than 16,000 plants now--just where I was ten or more years ago. And peony roots are now advertised for ten cents apiece--with very little demand.

"Just the ~~same~~ same they are as beautiful as ever and I am sorry you did not see the wonderful display we had this year of both peonies and iris.

"We are in the midst of another drouth. Seed planted a month ago barely sprouted and stood still and the lawns browned up. However we had a trace of a shower last night that may lead to more rain in the next few days. So far as I can see Frederick County might as well be in Arizona for dryness.

"Well, all this is not very cheerful, but I think you should know it; because if you had any ideas on the subject of the value of our peonies as a source of income they will have to be revised just as I have had to revise mine. My idea now is to get rid of them as soon as possible, all except a garden for our own pleasure and to give away. Frankly I have never liked to sell flowers; I prefer to give them away and not to have to think of them in terms of money. For who can set a price on a flower?

"How is Mary Ladd, Mr. Ladd, and all the young Ladds? How are you making out in your new quarters? Are the tenants catching up in their back rent with Emma? What are you reading nights? I have just finished a remarkable book, 'An Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity' by Pitkin.

"Affectionately,

"Lee.

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4608

Monday, 13, June; fog, showers, and cold. I was not feeling well and did very little. Received two books from the Book Club. Had a letter from wife saying that Randall Highlands had greatly improved and expressing her sympathy for the Bonus Marchers, some thousands of whom had gathered in Washington, camped out on the Anacostia flats amid unsanitary conditions, and been ejected by troops.

Tuesday, 14 June; fog and clearing. I mowed a section of the lawn and listened to the radio account of proceedings of the Republican Convention at Chicago, which were rather disappointing.

Wednesday, 15 June; fog until 10 a.m. and then clear. Drove the truck to town for checking up and brought back some returned flower boxes. Mowed a section of the lawn.

Thursday, 16 June; foggy, warm, a shower in the afternoon. Took sister down to Winworth, and Billie to town, and brought out some things for him. A man telephoned out from Washington, saying he wanted to consult me regarding the Caribbean. He came out about 4 p.m. His name was Wilkinson and he had with him a Mr. Culbertson and wife. They were organizing an expedition to the Caribbean, scientific and educational in character, for which purpose they had chartered a four-masted schooner, and had about 45 men on board, and were proposing to cruise about and take pictures of human interest. If this expedition proved to be a success they planned a similar expedition to the South Sea Islands next year. We had a long talk and ~~some~~ some wine and they left at 5.30 p.m. Visitors came at supper time and I had to go out in the wet and get some flowers for them. After they left there was a phone call from the News-Post asking my opinion of the proposal to pay a bonus to the soldiers now rather than later, and my answer was an emphatic no. We had a lot of cherries for which there was no sale. The Sheets tenants were to pick the cherries on the lower place on shares, but we got very few from them. Over the

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E--4609

radio I heard the announcement of the nomination of Hoover and Curtis at the Chicago Convention. To me the proceedings of that convention seemed to have been all cut and dried. I did not like it and had a strong hunch that it meant the defeat of the Republicans at the next election.

Friday, 17 June; misty and threatening showers. Went to town with laundry and blankets to be cleaned. The Sheets family brought up two buckets full of cherries. Rabbits or groundhogs cutting the ~~kitt~~lily stems just before the buds open. Sandy killed a young ~~grou~~ groundhog in the peony field.

Saturday, 18 June; cloudy and threatening rain, but none came nearer than the Monocacy River. Took mother to town for groceries and delivered flowers to the hotel. Did a number of odd jobs. Drafted a letter to wife with the idea of trying to get from her a statement of her intentions. If she has no intention of rejoining me I can then plan to go west and get a divorce.

✓
(Wife, 18 June, brown folder)

18 June 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of the 12th crossed mine of the same date. This reminds me that I have received only two of the many letters you said you wrote me but did not mail, although I asked for them all. I wanted them because they should show what was in your mind when you wrote them that perhaps might explain some of the things you thought and said that had no previous explanation. If you feel that you had rather not send them, then I would suggest that you read them over again and see if you still feel that the things you wrote are as true and correct as you thought them when you tried to express your thought in writing.

"Another request remains unanswered, that is, what you meant by the word 'ban' used in one of your letters. The letter itself does not give the slightest clue. You seemed to be protesting against a 'ban' of which I know nothing. To me your use of the word can only indicate some sort of misunderstanding that I should like to clear up.

"Now, my dear, leaving out of consideration all that has happened since I returned from abroad, the time is coming when it will be absolutely necessary for you to face the realities and the future and decide what you must do in the circumstances that exist--not what you or I might wish to do, but what we must. We married for better or worse. I was prepared to see it through to the end and to do my full share of bearing, forbearing, and cooperating. Apparently you were not when certain ideas took possession of you and to accomplish them you did not hesitate to leave husband and home. As near as I could gather at the time, aside from general dissatisfaction on your part, those ideas clustered about (1) the caring for newly married Otis and his bride, and (2) the earning of an independent income. I thought and still think both ideas were wrong, but acquiesced in your withdrawal

and the breaking up of our home and married life without protest because I thought protest in your case would be useless and that the quickest and shortest cure for your trouble would be by actual trial and error. It meant sacrifice for both of us, unnecessary sacrifice of course, a sacrifice that you did not realize at the time but which I did then and since. You have had sixteen months in which to try out those ideas of yours. Now that you are no longer living with Otis I assume that you are satisfied on the first point. But how about the second idea, the idea of financial independence? Have you demonstrated to your own satisfaction on that point?

"I have no doubt you could live very pleasantly on a monthly allowance, freed of all responsibility or necessity for making a living--but it is only a question of time when the monthly allowance must cease, for the simple reason that there will be no fund or income upon which to draw. If necessary or desired I could give the figures to demonstrate this. With the best of management 1026 and Sunny Hill, after taxes, insurance, and upkeep are provided for, afford an income barely sufficient for a modest living, sufficient because there is no rent to pay, but wholly insufficient to maintain a second household. I am disqualified by age for any kind of manual labor. The inordinate ambition of which you have always so lightly accused me is so far absent that I never expect to ask for salaried employment, where again age would be an insuperable obstacle. At forced sale it seems improbable that all our property, both real and personal, would cash in for more than \$10,000, or less than my salary for one year in the Argentine. That amount would not last long--and then what? No, I propose to stay right here at Sunny Hill, be comfortable, and laugh at the world. But how about you? It is something for you to think about.

"Sunny Hill is in many respects an ideal home. In refusing to come to it with me last year you have missed more than you can possibly

realize. It is your home as much as mine and was and is open to you. I have missed you greatly and probably always will. But, you were obsessed by ideas that were beyond argument and I acquiesced in your trying them out. You alone can know when the longings those ideas inspired you with have been fully and completely satisfied. Not until they are completely satisfied should you think of returning to your husband, because it would be unjust to him and to you.

"In all fairness to you I feel that I must add: In considering whether you prefer to try to make your own living or derive it from relatives and friends as a dependent, or to rejoin your husband and live in your own home, it must be fully understood that he is growing old, is often irascible, and does not expect to change materially during the short span of life that yet remains. He will continue to regard himself as the head of his family, to decide all questions regarding finances, to swear when he is suddenly irritated, to express himself freely when he feels like it, to smoke as he has been accustomed to smoke for many years, to drink alcoholic beverages whenever they are available, to regard stupid and uninteresting people with brief tolerance, and to regard flattering and sponging people with contempt and great intolerance, unwilling to sacrifice precious time to people for whom time means nothing, and to continue to be absorbed most of his waking hours in the beauties of nature and the great world of literature.

"You see, my dear, I put the question squarely and fairly up to you and ask you to reach a decision in the light of all that has passed, the present situation, and the future so far as it can be foreseen: Do you prefer to continue on the independent basis with its uncertainties and possible consequences; or to rejoin your husband with all that association with him must involve? Your future, and his, depend upon your answer. I feel that for your own good you should

face realities, do some heartfelt thinking, and reach a decision satisfactory to yourself, and that I am entitled to a clear and definite answer. Such an answer is necessary to enable me to plan ahead, because planning is imperatively necessary, and I know that you will not do it.

"In the foregoing I have tried to bring to your attention some of the things that you will sooner or later have to consider--the sooner the better. In doing this I have tried to keep out all expression of my own personal views and wishes. Why? And why have I not called upon you to talk it over? Simply because you have so many times accused me of mental brow-beating and domination. Besides, it was the wife that deserted her husband for ends of her own. If the wife returns to her husband and home it must be absolutely of her own free will and volition, uninfluenced by the domineering husband, and because she really wants to rejoin him. Otherwise he thinks it would be better that he never see her again.

"You alone know whether you have been successful and happy in realizing your ideas and dreams the ~~a~~ last sixteen months; you alone know your prospects for being financially independent in the months and years to come; you alone can and must decide whether you have had enough, whether you are tired of it all, and whether you are willing and want to rejoin your husband and put up with his 'better or worse.' It is a momentous question that your husband puts to you, but he feels that it is necessary and that he is entitled to an answer within a reasonable time. The one thing I cannot endure beyond a certain point is drifting along in a wishy-washy sea of uncertainty. Our financial situation makes it necessary that a decision in this matter be reached at an early date. All this sounds cold and hard; so it is; so are many realities of life that one has to face; and this financial situation concerns you quite as much, if not more, than it does me, and I

can think of no good reason why you should not give thought to it and to probable consequences as well as I. You and I have had one swell of a time the last sixteen months, thanks to you, but the time has come to face the music. Shall it be harmony or discord? Which do you prefer? Whatever your answer may be, I will acquiesce without argument, because I am through with argument.

"And now, my dear, it's up to you. And may your better self prevail. Vaya con deus.

"Affectionately,

"Lee.

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4610

Sunday, 19 June; cloudy and cold. Spent the day reading and killing flies, which are a pest. This was the first Sunday in several months when we had no visitors.

Monday, 20 June; mist, but no rain. Mother painting flowers very industriously. Had several people picking cherries on the shares. Some of the cherries beginning to spoil on the trees because of moisture in the atmosphere. Had a nice letter from wife, first friendly letter in a long time, in which she said the Ladd boys were doing well, and that David Currier, Jr., and Elizabeth Maddox were married last February but neither had written to her parents. Last night finished reading "The Fountain", a good story of a man interned in Holland during the war.

(Dore, 20 June, brown folder)

(Wife, same.)

(Lubin, same.)

Director, Bureau of Statistics,
International Institute of Agriculture
Rome.

20 June 1932.

"Dear Mr. Dore:

"Your letter of 17 May reached me early this month at a time when I was exceedingly busy with harvesting and marketing my flower crops. I am now at leisure and ^{can} catch up with my accumulated correspondence. It was a pleasure to write on your behalf to some of my ~~qs~~ close friends whose names were included in the list of members of the International Institute of Statistics and to ask them to favor your election to membership therein. I sincerely hope that your application for membership will be granted and that you may live long to take part in the proceedings of the Institute.

"I have received the copies of the first printed reports of the world census, which I greatly appreciate and for which I thank you.

"I am living a peaceful, retired life at my mountain retreat, but through correspondence, the press, books and the radio (which covers the U.S. and connects with London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome) I keep informed daily and hourly with ~~daily~~ current events and watch the world go by.

"With best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"M. Valentine Dore,
Director, Bureau of Statistics,
International Institute of Agriculture,
Rome.

20 June 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of yesterday came today as a pleasant surprise. Do you realize that this is almost the first real letter I have had from my wife of old in the last three years? All the others were the noncommittal or hostile letters of a stranger--but this one is friendly and all the more appreciated.

"I am glad to hear that the Ladd boys are so promising. It is largely accounted for by the fact that their study and work period ^(Currier) began early. I was especially pleased to hear that David/and Elizabeth were married. They lived together long enough before marriage to know each other well and their marriage should insure a lifelong continuance of their warm friendship, understanding, and cooperation.

"Yes, we are well into another drouth. Seed planted weeks ago has not germinated. Some ground cannot be plowed because it is too dry and hard, ^{but} ~~and~~ hay cut a week ago cannot be brought in because it is still wet. For nine days now we have been under a blanket of clouds, fog and heavy mist that keeps the foliage wet but puts no moisture into the surface soil. There have been rains in the valley and just across the Monocacy and we have been tantalized by seeing the slouds spill out sheets of water with scarcely a drop to spatter the dust of the Shookstown district. Fortunately there was ample moisture in the subsoil to keep most things growing and we have an abundance of flowers.

"We have our second bumper crop of cherries, but at five cents the quart they are scarcely worth picking and are allowed to go to waste.

"Well, my dear, I thank you for this last letter, so characteristic of your own sweet self--as you were before the eclipse.

"With love,

"Lee.

20 June 1932.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
President, Pan American Institute of Reciprocal Trade,
Sacramento, California.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I duly received your letter of May 25 re correspondence with Dr. Rowe of the Pan American Union regarding the acceptance of contributions by governments toward meeting the expenses of conferences of the Pan American Institute of Reciprocal Trade. I think your letters to Dr. Rowe were quite correct.

"It was clearly understood by all concerned that the Institute was to be an unofficial organization to promote better understanding, good will and cooperation in bringing about better international trade relations between American countries. It was to be unofficial in order that it might have the utmost freedom of action and to avoid duplicating the functions and being handicapped by the official restrictions of existing public agencies and institutions, and in order that it might better supplement and cooperate with them.

"Dr. Rowe seems to think that a contribution by one or more governments to the expenses of the Institute or any of its branches would change the character of the Institute from an unofficial to an official organization. It seems to me that the effect of a grant of funds by a government on the character of the Institute or any of the branches would depend entirely upon the terms of the grant, express or understood; that is, whether the act or decree making the allotment of funds to the Institute by its terms refers to or recognizes the national committee or delegates as officially connected with the government as employees or as official representatives of the government, and as such bound by orders or instructions of officials of the government--in which case the national committee or division of the Institute should be regarded as official. If, on the other hand, the grant or allotment of

funds is made available to the national committee or division thereof simply to promote the purposes for which the Institute was organized without restrictions, leaving the committee and its members, and the Institute, free from official interference, orders, regulations or restrictions of the government on their action, I can see no ground whatever for holding that such a government contribution has anything to do with the unofficial character of the Institute.

"So with respect to conferences of the Institute or any of its branches, it would seem to me that a government might, if so disposed, very properly furnish headquarters, facilities, and entertainment for the members without in any way influencing its action or affecting its unofficial character. So also with respect to government contributions to the Institute itself.

x x x x

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4611

Tuesday, 21 June; fog, clear, hot. Took Sister Nellie to Washington and she enjoyed the trip. She and Eunice did some shopping. I stopped in the Southern Railway Office and ascertained that it would cost about \$120 for a round trip to Arkansas, ~~which~~ where I might wish to go for a divorce. Read the morning papers at the Cosmos Club. Then walked down F Street, buying a book en route. Met Mrs. Bode, who said she wanted to visit Sunny Hill and see mother and the flowers. She said she might come up some Saturday and stay over Sunday. Also she invited me to call on her, but I said I rarely went to Washington because it was so much pleasanter ^{at} Sunny Hill.

Attended the Farm Hands Club luncheon at the Harrington Hotel. and met a number of friends. An excellent luncheon was served for 75 cents. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dunlap reported on the Republican Convention at Chicago which he had attended. He said it was a very ~~km~~ tame affair, lacking in enthusiasm, and that all the talk was of the repeal of the 18th amendment.

I stopped at the Cosmos Club to look over the current magazines, got away at 3.15, stopped in Frederick, and reached home at 5 p.m. It seemed good to get back to the quiet and coolness of Sunny Hill.

Wednesday, 22 June; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel. Found I could not start the car and had to have it towed to a garage where it was found that the terminals to the battery were corroded. Lost an hour here and another hour in Shookstown while a tractor took on water and got out of the way. In the afternoon weeding in the gardens.

Thursday, 23 June; clear and cool. Sister and mother went to town before I got up. I did some weeding and walked down to the lower place. Found the Sheets family picking cherries. I was unable to find any of the seedling locust trees planted the previous year.

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4612

Wells and tanks empty and water for livestock a problem.

Friday, 24 June; clear and cool. Had the men hauling in clover hay--about one-fourth normal crop because of lack of rain. I drove to town for the laundry and a metal cap for the chimney over the kitchen. Mowed weeds in the afternoon. Writing notes on ~~Egypt~~ Egypt. ^PThinking a good deal about wife, whether or not she would answer my last ~~le~~ letter. If not, I would plan to go to Arkansas, acquire legal residence and a divorce, and while waiting put in the time transcribing the shorthand draft of biographical notes. My feeling was that if she was willing to return to me of her own accord I would welcome her, although I could foresee many difficulties, the difficulty of readjusting ourselves to each other, the necessity of ~~forbear~~ bearing and forbearing with each other, the difficulty of overlooking her aggravating ways at times, and the difficulty of getting along with mother, who was somewhat difficult for sister and I and would be impossible for my wife. Had wife come with me to Sunny Hill in the first place there would have been no difficulty, but as she did not it would seem that she should be willing to make some concessions, especially as I put up with her father for so many years, and with other relatives and friends who took up much of my time and were not especially agreeable. However, any scheme would be preferable to living apart and ^{worrying} ~~knowing~~ about her. Her last letter contained no information about herself. Because of this silence I did not feel justified in trying to see her or having anything to do with her so long as she ^{held} ~~hold~~s aloof. Nor did I feel under obligation to support her in idleness indefinitely. Another consideration was that ^{unless} ~~without a~~ divorce ^d I could not dispose of our real estate without her cooperation, which was unsatisfactory.

Saturday, 25 June; clear and hot. Drove to town with flowers and attended to a number of things. Arranged with Billie to take

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4613

the cows down to Winworth where they could have pasturage and water, look after them, milk them and bring us one quart of milk daily, he to have the rest of the milk he might get from them. This would relieve us of the care of the cows and the necessity of paying forty cents a day for some one to milk them. Grapes almost a complete failure. The first six months of the year had resulted in a heavy loss, but after having given the place a fair trial and found that it would not pay expenses I was determined to cut down expenses in future.

Eunice and Chrley came out in the late afternoon.

Sunday, 26 June; clear and hot with a good breeze. Took mother to town with flowers for the hotel. Wheat ripening prematurely. A man came up to buy some cherries, but they were about gone. Writing notes on Jerusalem. Vegetation suffering for rain.

Monday, 27 June; clear and hot. Read the papers and did some odd jobs. Had a letter from Dr. Woodbury of the National Cannery Association. Had a letter from wife telling about the shrubbery in Emma Burton's yard, but utterly ignoring my letter of the previous week. I felt that if she did not respond by the first of July I would be justified in concluding that she was not interested in rejoining me and I would go ahead with the divorce.

When I went to get the horses out of the woods pasture I found that one of them had thrust her foot through the wire fence and could not withdraw it. I was unable to release her because the wire had been pulled under her shoe. I walked all the way up hill to the barn for the wire clippers, but they had disappeared. I took a pair of tin-cutting shears and spent more than half an hour sawing off the wire about the horse's foot. It was very hot and I perspired freely. Also there was a shower, just enough to give me a good soaking. The shower stopped just as I finished cutting the wire.

(Woodbury, 27 June, brown folder)

(Douglas, same.)

27 June 1932.

"Dr. C.G.Woodbury,
National Cannery Association,
1739 H Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

"Dear Dr. Woodbury:

"I have your letter of June 25 regarding the practicability of growing experimental lots of sweet corn in the Argentine during the growing season in that country which corresponds to our winter months. In answer I would say that natural conditions are ideal for growing corn in many sections of Argentina and that the principal difficulties involved are simply those of a business nature, such as transportation, language, and arranging for the necessary land, labor, and supervision. Valuable assistance in making these arrangements can be obtained from the Agricultural Attache, Mr. C.L.Laudke, U.S.Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Buenos Aires.

"The heart of ^aAgricultural Argentina is the section within 350 miles of Buenos Aires. Of course, there is considerable agriculture beyond those limits, but it is made hazardous either by semitropical or semiarid conditions. Look at any railroad map of Argentina and note the network of roads in the region I have indicated and how relatively few there are beyond these limits--mostly strategic roads built by the government into nonproductive regions. Roughly you can think of Buenos Aires as being about where St.Louis is with directions and climate reversed. Anywhere within three hundred miles south of B.A. would compare with anything within that distance north of St.Louis; and just as the best corn land and climate in the U.S. is found north of St.Louis in Iowa and Illinois, so the best corn land and climate in Argentina is found south and west of B.A.--with the exception of a strip running 100 miles south of B.A.that has poor drainage and is therefore devoted almost exclusively to cattle and sheep. The farther north one goes from B.A. the more semitropical the climate be-

comes and the more damaging are the insect pests, especially the plague of locusts that devour everything in their path one or more times every five years. The drawbacks last mentioned apply especially to Uruguay. Westward from B.A. soil and climate are favorable for 200 or more miles, after which the country becomes increasingly arid, like western Kansas and Nebraska.

"I should say that many ideal spots can be found from Pergamino on the north to Bahia Blanco on the south. The ranch I mentioned over the telephone is known as Estancia La Nora, Campion Hgnos. (Bros.), Partido Caseros, Enrique Lavalle, F.C.M., Argentina (Province of Buenos Aires, about 225 miles southwest of B.A., the 'F.C.M.' referring to the railway that runs through Enrique Lavalle). One of the brothers whose guest I was is named Sr. Santiago Campion. These brothers, of English origin, after a year in Illinois and a year in Australia, came to Argentina about 35 years ago, bought large tracts of land and began growing American varieties of corn, alfalfa, and hogs on a large scale. When I was there in 1924 they had 15,000 pigs, and had prospered mightily. I can think of no better corn growing demonstration than that of the Campion Brothers for more than a third of a century.

"Another desirable location would be in the southeastern border of the corn belt at or near Tandil, about 150 miles directly south of B.A.

x x x x

"I do not know whether the climate of Argentina is more or less capricious than that of the U.S., but I do know that it is capricious--they have their dry and their wet years, just as we do. It would seem advisable therefore not to risk all in one section, but to make experimental plantings at different places--say Tandil on the south, Pergamino in the central, and Rosario in the north.

"I note your suggestion of South Africa. I would rule out South Africa without hesitation. There is a region within one hundred miles of Capetown that looked promising, irrigation being available, and probably there are others as far to the northeast as Durban; but South Africa as a whole impressed me as semiarid, about like our Great Plains region. Most emphatically it is not a corn country nor a crop country, or the Dutch Yankees could be depended on to have developed it as such, but because of climatic drawbacks they have been compelled to eke out a poor existence with livestock. On the other hand, Argentina is an outstanding corn country, next to the U.S.

"Your letter and the project mentioned therein suggests to me our Plant Industry seed expert of years ago, Mr. W. W. Tracy, Sr., a seed wizzard if there ever was one, who for forty years or more was in charge of seed testing and trial grounds for D. M. Ferry & Co., and who in years when certain vegetable seeds were short and proportionately high in price, often said to me 'Why don't some enterprising seed grower go to Argentina or Chile and raise a crop during our winter months in time for our spring trade and reap the 100, 500, or 1000% price that stares him in the face?' Why not? To me it seems a simple matter of working u out the details, success being subject mainly to the vagaries of a capricious climate.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

27 June 1932.

"Mr. H. Paul Douglass,
Director, Studies of Church Unity Movements,
WEP/P 230 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

"Dear Sir:

"I have answered your questionnaire re 'Census of Convictions and Attitudes relative to Church Unity,' from my viewpoint as a life-long religious but nonchurch man.

"Always I have been interested in social and religious questions in common with all other intelligent men, in the light of personal experience, travel, observation, and rather wide reading of history and literature. My answers are mainly from the viewpoint of one whose official work for the United States gave him five years of intermittent residence at Rome and took him to the capitals of all countries except three. During that rather unique experience I talked with all sorts of people--government officials, scholars, travelers, merchants, churchmen, and missionaries. The net result is a very definite and deep seated conviction that no human being who insists on denominational or sectarian differences has a right to call himself a follower of Christ, and a large percentage of them are not even good citizens. In all foreign countries I heard universal condemnation of missionaries. I met many missionaries and found them just the common run of humanity, rather below the average, with here and there an outstanding exception whose Christ-like devotion to humanity almost saved a deplorable situation. When I was in Japan, autumn of 1927, the Tokio newspapers announced that 8,000 American missionaries had been run out of China to save their lives. Nothing was said about the thousands of missionaries from European countries who shared the same fate. After conversing with many people who seemed to know what they were talking about, at least they were in a position to know, and making due allowances for bias, I came to the conclusion that any enter-

prising business man could take 10% of the missionary funds and hire ten times as many converts as the missionaries of all Christendom have made in a whole generation, ~~ad~~ and they would be equally sincere. Then, too, damitall, the Chinese and Japanese, and most Hindoos, are more Christlike in their daily lives than are most professed Christians.

"Now, it seems to me that the most outstanding obstacles to the spread of Christianity in Oriental countries is the division and stupid subdivision of Christianity into denominations and sects over utterly inconsequential differences of opinion which neither Christ nor any of his true followers would tolerate. Your questionnaire indicates some of these childish differences. Only divine goodness and infinite understanding, along with a sense of humor, could ever forgive or overlook the rudimentary, fatuous, imbecility and utter stupidity and downright sinfulness of the meticulous denominationalist and sectarian who cannot see over ~~v~~ or around the little thing he calls 'fundamental principle.'

"Sorry I ~~fe~~ feel like expressing myself so emphatically, but the importance of the subject and the stupid situation of the church seems to justify it.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"P.S.--Referring to foreign ~~wrk~~ work in the interest of humanity and civilization, it seemed to me that the Rockefeller Foundation (International Education Board) was accomplishing far more than all the missionary societies of the entire world.=

(1932, June, S.H.)

E--4614

Tuesday, 28 June; clear and hot. Took sister to town, had new tires put on the pickup, and left typewriter for repairs. Listened over the radio to the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Feeling uneasy I went out and pulled weeds in the iris patch and got very hot. Writing notes on Palestine. Mr. Price and Thelma came out about 5 p.m. Mr. Price said he had taken Ethel's sister (Charlie's paramour) to her home in Martinsburg; that Ethel had a lover and was not living with Otis; that neither Otis nor Thelma had been to see wife after separating on the first of the month; and that he had heard that wife had given Sunny Hill as her new post-office address. This would indicate that she was thinking of returning. If so, why could she not say so.

Wednesday, 29 June; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out the typewriter that had been repaired. Rest of the day lying down in a state of almost complete relaxation. Had Mollie Mula in the pasture and when I went for her in the late afternoon she was nowhere in sight, but she came on a trot when I called her.

Thinking a good deal about wife.

Thursday, 30 June; clear and hot. Feeling very much better after 48 hours of rest and sleep. I went with Emory ^CKline to the foundry in Frederick to have a part of the mowing machine welded. Mowed weeds and part of lawn in the afternoon. Listening over the radio to the proceedings of the Democratic convention at Chicago.

(Mrs. Kernan, 30 June, brown folder).

(Wife, same.)

30 June 1932.

"La mia carissima Regina dei Cuore:

"Your delightful letter of May 11 from Mentone was duly received and read with much pleasure. (Please overlook indiscretions of Miss Typy. She's just come from the typewriter hospital and evidently has not fully recovered).

"Well, well, and so the fates have spun their webs about you and the little jinxes have been tantalizing you! Wish I could get at them and teach them better manners. Well, my dear, you are not the only one that has suffered at their hands and many others share your woe. But something tells me that you keep smiling, and as long as you keep that up the good little fairies will work for you and will ultimately prevail. I was profoundly sorry to hear of your only daughter's misfortune. It almost makes one question the wisdom of divine providence to think that the young mother of a ~~po~~ promising infant should have to suffer such disabilities, when the rudimentary females of my farm neighborhood breed like rabbits and suffer no consequences whatever. Just like an incident last week: One of the brightest, sunniest, wittiest, loveablest (look out for my spelling) technical men I have ever known had a sudden attack and died within twenty-four hours--and up here the woods are full of old fossils nearing the century mark that never did anything of merit in all their lives, were utterly incapable of it, and yet they go on and on, a burden to themselves and a nuisance to every one else. Just like the weather also--any ten year old boy could manage the weather better than it is usually managed in this locality.

"Sunny Hill happens to be a flower farm. The flowers are lovely and a joy to me and to every one who sees them; but this year of hard times and overproduction they cannot pay expenses. Think of roses selling in New York at \$1.00 per 100, and gorgeous peonies at 15 cents

a dozen. Luckily for me I have a small outside income so that if my beloved flowers will not sell I can at least give them away, keep smiling and twiddle my fingers at the jinxes.

"This farm life is most exciting--what with my multitude of plant friends, the domestic animals, the wild animals, the gnomes and fairies, and a pretty steady stream of city callers. About two weeks ago I had a short visit from the granddaughter of one of my uncles (figure out the relationship to suit yourself), a bright young school teacher from Garnet, Kansas, who was one of several hundred on a bus tour of eastern U.S. Her section started in Kansas and went through Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, Frederick, Md., Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cape May, New York, Providence, Boston, Main, Quebeck, Niagara, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, down through Iowa and back home. The outfit traveled like a circus with their own tents, sleeping accommodations, and commissary, so that they were independent of hotels, and they had their own doctors and nurses along.

"In addition to the excitement of farm life there are the newspapers--real newspapers such as Europe does not know, plus books, plus the radio. Just now, this very minute, the roar of the great convention at Chicago, where the dem-Democrats are holding their love ~~feast~~ feast and putting it all over the reprobate Republicans, is coming strong over the air. The Republican convention was a tame affair, all cut and dried and Hooverized and sterilized, and already has fallen into innocuous desuetude. The Democrats are dancing an Indian war dance on the Hoover brand of prosperity and they have every good prospect of winning the next election. It looks as if the 18th amendment is doomed--doomed because of the evils it has brought in its train. The funny thing about it is the blindness of the dry fanatics who will not admit that anything is wrong or that public sentiment has turned overwhelmingly against their cherished solution of the liquor evil.

"What do you read? I read a book sent me by the Book-of-the-Month Club each month, a book selected by a committee--all good, plus others I buy from the secondhand stalls. Recently I read 'A short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity', just out and very entertaining. I have just finished 'The Fountain,' also very entertaining. Just now I am reading the published correspondence between Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry.

"Well, this is a great old world, in spite of these shadows.

"How I wish I might have been in Rome and you might have joined me there and together we might have explored old Rome again and the surrounding villages, Frascati, Tivoli, Albano, Nemi, with a side trip to Napoli, and another to dear old Orvieto, and perhaps up to Ferenzi. Rome to me seems more like home than Washington--perhaps because in spite of Mussolini Rome does not change in essentials, whereas Washington has changed almost beyond recognition. And then, too, the locust swarms of automobiles have not yet descended on Rome and other cities of Europe as they have on Washington, and every city, town and village in the U.S.A. I rarely go to Washington now just because I cannot find parking space for my car anywhere within three miles of where I want to go. And country roads within 150 miles of any city are crowded in solid procession. What this country is coming to no one can predict, but anyhow there is a lot of motion and much commotion.

"Well, my dear, let me have another of your nice letters when you feel in the humor for writing. When next I write I hope Miss Typy will perform better; just now she keeps tripping up; perhaps it's her high French heels.

"With very best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4615

Friday, 1 July; clear and hot. Sister and mother went to Frederick before I was up. Her machine stalled at the mail box and we had to have a repairman out to look at it. We got it out and headed down the mountain and it soon started. I went to town with it and did not get back until 2 p.m.

Saturday, 2 July; rather cool. Took flowers to the hotel and brought back the laundry and other things. Farmers cutting grain, corn looking fresh, and much blue chickory along the roadsides. I met a man in town with a load of pink azalias from the mountains near Cumberland. Later he came out to Sunny Hill and I bought a dozen plants for four dollars. (It was dry and for weeks I watered these plants daily, ten waterbuckets full each time, and yet they all died).

Sunday, 3 July; clear and cool. Had steam heat last evening. Took mother and flowers to town. Spent the day reading and sleeping. Had a nice dewberry pie for supper. ~~W~~^Wife much in my mind, and wondering if she will send a satisfactory reply to my letter suggesting that the time had come for her to make up her mind. I had written a number of letters to her mainly out of consideration for her, because she was getting old, alone, unable to support herself, and because I would not want our separation to become permanent without giving her every opportunity to reconsider her situation and future. When I thought of her I visualized her as she appeared to me the last few times I saw her, little, old, and pathetic, and I was filled with desire to love her and protect her--if she would only make that possible by living with me on a partnership basis and as a friend and not as a bitter, vindictive enemy. My patience was about exhausted and I was fully determined ~~that~~ that unless she gave some sign that she wanted to return I would proceed to get a divorce. Also there were times when I was greatly irritated at the thought of all the trouble and unhappiness caused by her infatuation ^{for} ~~ever~~ Otis, who up to that

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4616

time had given no indication that he was worth any sacrifice on our part, and the further thought that all this trouble and unhappiness was so wholly unnecessary and could have been so easily avoided by a little common sense and cooperation on her part.

Monday, 4 July; raining last night and forenoon, clear afternoon. Drove through the rain with flowers for the hotel. After luncheon read the papers, had a nap, and writing notes on Palestine. Sister, Eunice, and Charlie, at the schoolhouse measuring and planning on remodeling it ^{for} use as a cottage. We had a nice watermelon in the afternoon. I was glad that this was the last holiday until September and that the political conventions were over and the radio was clear for something else.

Tuesday, 5 July; clear and pleasant. I pulled some weeds. Took a nap in the afternoon and was awakened by a book agent selling "Lives of the Presidents." I did not subscribe.

Wednesday, 6 July; raining last night and today. Drove through the rain with flowers for the hotel. After a nap in the afternoon I brought over eight gallons of cherry wine to the cellar. Filed accumulated correspondence with wife to be taken with me to Arkansas unless I hear from her at an early date.

Thursday, 7 July; clear and hot. Up late last night typing a statement of facts for use in divorce proceedings. No letter from wife. Saw a fat groundhog near the Whippoorwill but by the time I got my gun he had disappeared.

~~)Brief, Leon M. vs. Nellie M. Estabrook, 6 July, brown folder)~~ omit

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4617

Friday, 8 July; pleasant day following a heavy rain in the night. Inspected lower place. Corn looking well after the rain, but a poor stand. Also a very poor stand of timothy and clover. Saw many rabbits.

Had three letters from wife, one dated in April, another July 4, and another July 7. The last letter simply describes the shrubbery at Emma Burton's place where she was staying. The April 4 letter was a rather bitter expression of her version of the causes that led to our separation, as was also the July 4 letter. Both were a mixture of truth and untruth and ~~xxx~~ most unjust in tone and substance. However, reading these letters in the light of my knowledge of her ideas and obsessions and her aversion to discussion I interpreted them as indicating a willingness on her part to rejoin me. But it was wholly a matter of interpretation, largely intuitive, and I was faced with the dilemma of incurring further delay in trying to get an explicit statement from her, with the possibility of failure, while funds were running low, so low that I might not be able to go to another State for a divorce; or, if I proceeded to get the divorce of always being filled with regret and thinking of her as being in want and lonely.

(Wife, 8 July, brown folder)

8 I July 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of July 4, with inclosure of April, and letter of July 7, came today. I am glad to have these letters because for once you have been frank and it helps me to visualize your point of view. Remember, until recently such few letters as I have received from you gave me no clue whatever to what was in your mind, and before we parted you refused to discuss with me matters of mutual interest, so that I was left groping in the dark. Some of the things you say are true, many of them are entirely mistaken--exactly as you think of some of the letters I wrote. Comment would be useless, except perhaps for a few points.

"For example, you say that you have understood the financial situation perfectly. I doubt it. I wonder if it has occurred to you that the money I send and that you accept belongs to the person from whom it was borrowed at six per ^{cent} ~~cent~~, and is ours to use only so long as I pay interest on it, which I shall probably have to do the rest of my life--\$216.00 a year. I suspect that your thought was that this comes out of current income, especially the rent from 1026. Well, it does not. The net income from 1026, after paying taxes, commission, insurance, and repairs, is around \$30 a month. Sunny Hill so far produces no income; it's a liability, except as a place to live with rent, fuel and water free. The \$50 a month I have been sending you is neither mine nor yours as a matter of right.

"I am glad you told me what you had in mind when you used the word 'ban.' To me it means 'prohibit' or 'exclude' and I would never have guessed the sense in which you use it. That's why I persisted in asking for an explanation.

"About leaving 1026 and your desire to remain to get some benefit from the improvements. That I can quite understand--but how about fi-

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word 'ban.' To me it means 'prohibit' or 'exclude' and I would never

have guessed the sense in which you use it. That's why I persisted

in asking for an explanation.

"About leaving 1026 and your desire to remain to get some benefit

from the improvements. That I can quite understand--but how about the

nancing such an arrangement? Remember, my salary stopped December 31 and I had no income whatever. Expenses were running well over \$100 a month. You seemed to think rooms might be rented. Remember, the only spare rooms available for renting were occupied by the Jenkinses who had ceased to pay rent and who left owing three months rent. Would you have consented at that time to compel^x them to vacate? No, of course not--unless we also vacated. Remember, it was absolutely necessary to cut down expenses and by hook or crook get an income however small, and the only possible way was to live at Sunny Hill, rent and fuel free, and get an income by renting 1026. I wonder if you realized then, or now, just what this problem was, and if so what solution of it you had in mind other than renting rooms that were already occupied by non-paying tenants that in no circumstances would you consider turning out--tenants to whom we were not under the slightest obligation, but who on the contrary were under considerable obligation to us. I mention this because money income and outgo are absolute and fundamental ^{al} realities that must be faced, and that all the heart, soul, faith, hope and charity in the world will not overcome, however much ^{they} ~~try~~ may help. If I had not given anxious thought to the matter and planned ahead and forced action so as ~~to~~ to provide you with an allowance, I wonder what your experience the last sixteen months would have been. It is the thought of what it may be in future that keeps me thinking and writing, as few husbands have ever thought and written. That problem was complicated by your refusal to accompany your husband--technical desertion--because it necessitated providing for two households instead of one at a time when there was barely sufficient income for one.

"One other comment: You speak of poisonous gossip, and of Mrs. Spedden in connection with gossip. I have heard ~~of~~ little or no gossip from any source, and none at all from Mrs. Spedden. I did not like her, any more than I liked Miss Mattie, ~~is~~ if as much. I never talked with

her more than twice or more than a minute each time before she left, and I have neither seen nor heard of her since. Get that clearly in mind; and this: I sympathized profoundly with her in her tragedy. I admired her from the bottom of my heart for her pluck when I heard she was walking the streets of Washington in a desperate attempt to find employment and make a living for herself without sponging on some one else. In my judgment she was worth a thousand squab Miss Matties or rebellious recalcitrant supported wives. I doff my hat to her again for her magnificent courage and for her efforts to help her husband in his tragedy. That's my tribute to Mrs. Spedden whom I never liked.

"Now, my dear, brushing aside all the expressions that show how far apart we have been in the letters we have written and the things we have said and left unsaid, and the hurts we have foolishly inflicted on each other, let us consider the only significant part of your letter of July 4.

"On page 7 you say: 'If you ever want me or expect me to live with you again it must be because you love me and truly want me; not otherwise.'

"Why, of course I do; always have, do, and always will. That is what hurt so much when, to carry out certain ideas of yours, you left me to look after proteges who did not particularly need or welcome your attentions.

"And it must be because I love you and truly want to come; not otherwise.'

"Yes, again, of course; it would be disastrous otherwise. I have felt that I had reason to doubt your love; otherwise you could not have deserted your husband to look after proteges, especially against their wishes. I have simply hoped that by now you see things in a different light.

"'If I should come it must be as your wife.' You are still my wife, and as such you should have accompanied me to Sunny Hill.

"'And mistress of Sunny Hill, w~~t~~ with equal rights with you as master.'

"Always understood, of course; with the qualification that you, ~~and~~ without farm experience and ignorant of farm management (growing of crops and livestock), could not expect to have the same voice in the practical management of the place that I should have (who grew up on a farm and was for so many years associated with farm management specialists). In the matter of sales I freely grant your superiority, because I am a student by nature and experience and am instinctively averse to bargaining.

"'My wishes and peculiarities must be respected as yours are.'

"To be sure, and more too, except when they promise to bring about impossible situations, such as those of 1930 and 1931.

"'My will and desires, of equal imp^{or}tance with yours.'

"Yes, with the same qualifications as the preceding.

"'If your mother and sister remain it must be as our guests.'

"Do you remember a letter I wrote soon after coming to Sunny Hill in which I suggested that a situation was developing--because of your refusal to accompany your husband to his ~~Wm~~ home--that would be difficult to unscramble? Well, this is it, just as I foresaw and realized at the time.

"I never expected or particularly desired to have mother and sister with me at Sunny Hill. I felt that I had discharged my duty and obligations to them in the years long past. Your refusal to come with me to Sunny Hill made it necessary; otherwise employ a housekeeper, which would have involved additional expense and perhaps be embarrassing. Mother and sister were comfortably situated at Winworth, their ideal home. To come to Sunny Hill to look after me meant moving--

not an easy task--and working like Trojans for many weeks to set up ~~of~~ housekeeping at Sunny Hill--your job, not theirs. For Sister Nellieⁱⁿ had the advantage of releasing her home for renting, but the disadvantages of losing control of it and seeing it neglected and deteriorate--which is not pleasant.

"I have no comment to make concerning ~~it~~ what you say relative to mother other than to say that I think you attach more importance to her remarks than either Sister Nellie or I--quite naturally because we know her better than you do. She is a problem to us, as to everybody else, and has been for many years. I would not dream of asking my wife to live with her if ~~it~~ it could possibly be avoided. Give Sister Nellie full credit for enduring mother's unfortunate disposition for so many years. At least I do, perhaps because I know what it involves.

"I am glad that in all your correspondence you have never criticised Sister Nellie, because she has always been a true, a sincere, and a sympathetic friend of yours. She has been a true sister to me and has made incredible sacrifices for me which repay me a thousand times for certain sacrifices I made for her in early life. She not only has kept house, with all that implies, but she has practically managed the farm, relieving me of the details^{as} of farm management in which I am no longer interested.

"Now, please get this straight: Both sister and mother have refrained from discussing you in my presence, except incidentally when I mentioned you, and then only in the most friendly spirit. Both have been generous in all their expressions regarding you. Both have assumed or seemed to assume in all references to you, that sooner or later you would come to your home at Sunny Hill. Both have assumed that whenever you did make up your mind to come to your home at Sunny Hill they, as a matter of course, would make other arrangements.

Never have they criticised you in my presence or questioned your 'rights' as my wife. Really, in all sincerity, the contrast between their attitude toward you and your attitude toward them, if you could see it as it appears to me, would cause you much distress.

"Bear this in mind also as part of the picture: Mother has always regarded me as her particular property--just as you did with regard to Otis. To her I am still a little child in need of her care, and I am still her dependent infant--63 years old, mind you. It is most unreasonable, incredible to me and others, but so it is; I have never acquiesced in it--in fact have ~~alwy~~ always been rebellious; it is extremely embarrassing, because it is blindly unjust and because there are so many reasons why I cannot remedy the situation. Also she is loyal to me with every atom of her being and since coming to Sunny Hill has worked almost like a servant in spite of her increasing infirmities; and just because of her blind devotion to me I would be a miscreant if I did not try to treat her tenderly--all of which I realize as well as her trying peculiarities which I probably understand better than any other human being, and from which I have suffered more than any other--unless it was father.

"In other words, if and when you come to Sunny Hill, it is understood by them and by us that their remaining here is temporary until other necessary arrangements can be made--which means to bear, forbear, patience, cooperation and mutual courtesy. Pending this adjustment what can be the best arrangement? They are occupying Sunny Hill House in your absence, partly furnished with their things, and they have their daily routine of housekeeping. As I see it they have an acquired right to continue until other arrangements can be made to the best advantage. Mother has an income from pension and rents that make her independent. Sister Nellie has only the rent of Winworth House. She owns the Shookstown schoolhouse bungalow. If you come out

I suspect that she will propose that she and mother occupy the schoolhouse bungalow. She will then have the rent of Winworth house, poultry, fruit, and garden to live on. To remodel the school house would require two or three months. In the meantime you could either occupy my room in Sunny Hill House or the Cricket House. At any rate, it seems to me that until Sister Nellie gets the schoolhouse in habitable condition the daily routine at Sunny Hill will have to go on and you as well as I board with Sister Nellie, just as I am now doing. Can you suggest a better plan?

"My friends, whom I would wish to invite, must be treated with respect, as yours have always been, and shall always be, by me."

"Why, of course, that is understood. But I do not recall ever inviting friends to stay over night or for days at a time; and never invited them when I had reason to believe they were unwelcome to my wife. It all ~~depen~~ depends on the kind of friends you invite and for how long. I can stand any sort of friends of yours for a brief ~~perio~~ period, a ~~few~~ few hours, but there are some people that I object to sacrificing precious time to for more than a few hours, even for your sake. To me, of all things time is the most precious, and as a human being I claim as an inalienable right the control of a portion of my time. This is not so vitally important now that I am free of official obligation, but it is still important. I know that as between you and ^{me} ~~A~~ this is a fundamental difference, because to you time seems to mean nothing--regardless of the time instinct you ruthlessly sacrifice yourself and others. I like to meet all sorts of people just as you do, but I can satisfy that desire in a few minutes with some people, half an hour with others, an hour or more with still others. Beyond that I begin to suffer, and if the time be prolonged I suffer intolerably. In other words, I can treat all of your friends with courtesy and respect up to a certain point, ~~beyond that point~~ for their sake,

for your sake, and as a matter of common courtesy; beyond that point, when they fail to recognize the limitations of ordinary social intercourse, courtesy ceases to be a virtue, ^{and} I gradually come to regard them as imposters and enemies whom it is better for all concerned that they be cast out and treated with no more consideration than they have treated me and mine, having forfeited by their lack of consideration all right to the consideration and courtesy of others.

Do you get the point? The first attribute of a lady or gentleman ^{sympathetic} is/consideration for others--without which they are not entitled to much consideration on the part of others, except as a matter of pure charity and humanity. Nor can I tolerate, beyond a brief period, self-seeking persons who come in the guise of friends--usually impecunious flatterers and sympathizers, appealing to one's charitable impulses in all sorts of insidious ways. To this class belong Mrs. Bode, Miss Mattie, Teft Johnson and his wife, and Mr~~s~~. Sonen (damn his name), I have never gotten it right), but especially Mr. Sonen--to say nothing of Cockroach George, Cuban John, old Kate, and other dependents whom I loathed. All of these I can meet and greet in ordinary intercourse, but their presumption, self-seeking, and imposition upon your good nature and upon my precious time was so obvious that I could not endure them for long. Cockroach George and his like are absolutely barred. You endured him through blind compassion. I endured him simply for your sake. I will never do it again. In your goodness of heart you seem not to realize that there are many people in this world who are self-seeking, supremely selfish, presuming on the good nature and charity of others, simply parasites--the kind of people who invite themselves to other people's houses, use up other people's time, expect to be waited upon and entertained by other people--all without invitation--and sponge upon other people in all sorts of ways. Unfortunately some of your

friends--pretended friends-- and proteges have been of that character. Future ones, if there be such, I can only agree to meet and greet courteously for a limited time--just until I can read the great big sign they always carry about with them--the first letter of which is uninvited imposition and lack of consideration for others. Now what does all this mean? It simply means that I will meet any of your friends and acquaintances with interest and pleasure, and with the utmost courtesy for a limited time; but if he or they are to stay all night or several days, I must be consulted and my wishes must have weight.

"In this connection it is well to consider Thelma and Otis: I feel that I love them quite as much as you do; I realize ^What they have been to us quite as much as you do, and what we have been to them; I realize what they have done and what they are, and why they are what they are perhaps better than you do; and before they or their married connections stay over night at Sunny Hill, again I must be consulted and my wishes be considered; because they have been the innocent rock upon which we have split and I have very definite ideas about them--ideas that redound to their credit as well as to their discredit.

"In the foregoing I have tried to make my point of view clear, , fairly and squarely. To me it seems a tragedy that after having lived together for so & many years as husband and wife, knowing each other better than any other human beings, we should be separated in old age, primarily and mainly on account of others who are not particularly interested in either of us. It seems to me that the best hope of happiness for both in the short span of life that remains lies in living together and in caring for ^{and} protecting each other in mutual understanding, in wiping the past slate clean, and in starting ~~an~~ anew with a desire for mutual forbearance, mutual consideration, and

mutual cooperation. For me continued separation means continued sadness, regret, and unhappiness--and for you disaster--both unnecessary and inexcusable. My sincerest desire is to have you with me, to care for you, and to protect you--a desire that is stronger even than my fear of debt. I can continue to provide for you separately only a few months longer. I love you, I want you, providing it can be without self-seeking parasitic friends and selfish, unprepossessing dependents. It is for you to choose between me and them, and I am writing in this strain because I believe that most of them have sloughed off and you are to that extent free. As between you and me there is ~~and~~ can be little difference. All of our trouble has been over other people. After public service, I have felt that my first obligation was to you, my wife; and that your first obligation, a sacred, holy, and paramount obligation, was to me, your husband. Please ponder that last statement.

"Now, my dear, my letter of June 18 and this letter were written in the belief that you are more open-minded and reasonable than you were sixteen months ago, and that you would be willing to forget and forgive, so far as that is possible, as I am, and start over again with certain things understood as outlined in your last letter and in this letter. How can that best be accomplished? I can call upon you any time you say. I can bring you out to Sunny Hill for a day, part of a day, or a week, whenever you ^{say} ~~say~~. I think you should see Sunny Hill, and I have wondered why you have never expressed the slightest interest in your Sunny Hill home. Or, how would this do: Invite Emma as our guest to spend a day or any number of days with you at Sunny Hill? Several days would be best, because a single day might be beastly hot or obscured by rain or fog. This should be a pleasant experience for both of you and would give you and me an

opportunity to see things together. I have not consulted Sister Nellie about this, but I am so sure of her that I know the plan would meet with her approval. The two of you could either occupy my room in Sunny Hill House or the Cricket House. I would, of course, bring you out from Washington and take you back. Could anything be fairer? Sunny Hill is our home until other arrangements are made. Can you suggest anything better? No one, not a soul outside the family, has been told of our separation other than that for the time being you preferred to remain in the city, so there need not be the slightest embarrassment for you.

"Our financial situation makes prompt decision and action necessary. There are alternatives, of course, but for your sake and for my sake and our future peace of mind I do not wish to take them. I have given you my instant and honest reaction to your letters; cannot you do the same to this? It is important for you as for me--more important than anything else--more important even than babies of bonus boosters.

"Affectinnately yours,

"Lee."

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E--4618

Saturday, 9 July; pleasant day. Sat up until 3.30 a.m. typing letter to wife in the hope that it would cause her to reach a definite decision. This meant that I would have to wait a week or more before knowing whether or not I should go to Arkansas as I had planned. I showed the recent correspondence with wife to Sister Nellie to look over, ^{an} partly to get her reaction on it and partly because if wife decided to come to Sunny Hill it would affect her situation. Took flowers to the hotel with mother. Zinneas beginning to bloom. Many flowers failed because of the drouth. The part of the field from which peonies were removed in the fall that was planted to many different kinds of flower seed was grown up to weeds, the moisture having been insufficient for the flowers.

Sunday, 10 July; clear and hot. While picking flowers in the orchard garden I saw a large ground hog come out of the bushes. I went back to the house for the rifle and when I returned the rodent had moved some distance. I spied him sitting upright like a prairie dog under an apple tree. I fired and he dropped dead. The bullet passed through his head. He was very heavy for an animal of his size. It was a ~~quite~~ quiet beautiful day.

Monday, 11 July; hot forenoon, pleasant afternoon. Writing notes on Egypt.

Tuesday, 12 July; a beautiful summer day. Sister and mother went to town before I got up. Did some hoeing and weeding. Two young men, tree doctors, who had worked on the large oak at Winworth, came up in the afternoon and trimmed out the dead wood in a large spreading maple tree near the mail box, for which I paid eight dollars. The Biser family came up in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 13 July; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out groceries. Mowing the lawns.

Had a letter from wife in response to my last letter. Not

Saturday, 2 July; pleasant day. Set up until 3.30 a.m.

Typing letter to wife in the hope that it would cause her to reach a definite decision. This meant that I would have to wait a week or more before knowing whether or not I should go to Arkansas as I had planned. I showed the recent correspondence with wife to Sister Nellie to look over, ^{and} try to get her reaction on it and partly because it was decided to come to Sunny Hill it would affect her situation. Took flowers to the hotel with mother. Business beginning to bloom. Many flowers failed because of the drought. The part of the field from which germs were removed in the fall that was planted to many different kinds of flower seed was grown up to weeds, the moisture having been insufficient for the flowers.

Sunday, 10 July; clear and hot. While picking flowers in the

orchard garden I saw a large ground hog come out of the bushes. I went back to the house for the rifle and when I returned the rodent had moved some distance. I upped him sitting upright like a prairie dog under an apple tree. I fired and he dropped dead. The bullet passed through his head. He was very heavy for an animal of his size. It was a quiet beautiful day.

Monday, 11 July; hot forenoon, pleasant afternoon. Writing

notes on Egypt.

Tuesday, 12 July; a beautiful summer day. Sister and mother

went to town before I got up. Did some hoeing and weeding. Two young men, tree doctors, who had worked on the large oak at Winworth, came up in the afternoon and trimmed out the dead wood in a large spreading maple tree near the mail box, for which I paid eight dollars. The Miller family came up in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 13 July; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel

and brought out groceries. Mowing the lawns.

Had a letter from wife in response to my last letter. Not

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E--4619

very satisfactory. She claims she was right and I was wholly wrong, and instead of a visit to Sunny Hill as I had proposed she proposes that we take a trip somewhere else. This would not be a bad idea except for the expense and the midsummer heat and tourists everywhere. However, she said she had run out of paper and would write again.

Thursday, 14 July; hot and disagreeable. I did some odd jobs and mowed the lawn. All vegetation shows the need of rain. Writing notes on Egypt, 1927.

Friday, 15 July; hot and dry. After breakfast I piled the brush and debris the tree men had left under the big maple. Rest of the day reading and writing. Immediately after supper Lucy Whipp and her invalid husband, her son Harvey and his wife and three little children, drove up for some radishes, of which I had a great surplus and was giving away. Lucy expressed a desire to see the inside of the Whippoorwill House. She was much taken with it. She said that she and her grandmother lived in it for awhile and from there moved into the little Cricket House; and that both rooms were then divided by partitions. When she stepped into the smaller room, the Cubby Hole, she saw some wine glasses on the table. As she had given me a bottle of homemade beer on one occasion I gave her a glass of wine, and to her daughter-in-law who came in at the same time. After the daughter left I took Lucy to the balcony in front of the attic to look over the valley. When we returned to the lower floor she asked for another glass of wine and I gave it to her. She was evidently feeling good and began to tell me her personal history. *She said that her* Her ~~father~~ father and mother were not married and she was brought up by her grandmother; that about seventeen years ago her father, a Mr. Harrison, who lived on a farm near Columbus, Ohio, visited her mother and said he would make provision for Lucy; that his children,

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her half- brothers and sisters, had written insulting letters. There was much else. Then she asked "Could I have another?" I gave her another glass of wine. By the time she had consumed this she was tipsy and I had difficulty in getting her out of the house. She asked for food and for a loan. I took her over to Sunny Hill House where she met mother and where again we had difficulty in getting her out of the house and to her car and family. I was quite sure that she must have been drinking before she came up because with a seasoned woman like her three wineglasses of wine would not have made her drunk. She was a subject of gossip in the neighborhood and it was said that drinking parties were of regular occurrence at her house, but aside from this one occasion when a little wine made her tipsy she was always quite decorous in my presence.

Saturday, 16 July; cloudy and warm, following rain last night. Took sister to town with flowers and we did some shopping. In the afternoon I paid off one of the men and told him that thereafter wages would be \$1.50 a day instead of \$2.00 as I had been paying. Charlie and Eunice came out after dusk.

Sunday, 17 July; hot. Writing notes on Rome in February, 1927.

Monday, 18 July; clear and pleasant. Took mother to town for shopping and had my glasses repaired. Did some reading and writing.

Tuesday, 19 July; very hot. At mother's request I took her to Washington. As usual I went to the Cosmos Club to read the papers and then to the Farm Hands Club luncheon, where I met a number of men I knew. Reached home at 4.30 p.m. and supper was ready in fifteen minutes. I was almost too tired to eat.

In the mail was a letter from wife suggesting (1) that she would meet me in Washington any time I wished, (2) that sometime she might come up to Sunny Hill for a day, and (3) that if she should decide to come to Sunny Hill to live with me it might be less

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4621

embarrassing to wait until sister and mother had made their arrangements. This last was probably true. I announced this alternative to mother and sister in the evening. Mother, of course, was much wrought up about it, but Sister Nellie said at once that it could be arranged and that in view of wife's desire to pose as a martyr it might be well to call her bluff and tell her that whenever she was ready to come out the house would be vacant. So it was a real problem and always would be. Both mother and sister wanted to live with me and it was a real sacrifice for them to move out to make way for a woman who had treated them with scant courtesy and who had acted very foolishly over the bringing up of the ^aadopted children and in her relations with me, to say nothing of the inconvenience of moving in midsummer heat. But both did it without a murmur, for which I shall always feel under lifelong obligation to them.

My first thought was to run down to Washington and have a preliminary talk ^{with} wife and tell her that she must decide definitely, absolutely, and once for all, whether or not she was willing to join me. My fear was that she would continue to procrastinate until my slender bank credit diminished to the vanishing point.

Wednesday, 20 July; cloudy and warm. Took flowers to the hotel and paid the dog tax on Sandy. I showed wife's letter to Sister Nellie and she said she could have the place ready by the first of August. She suggested that it would be well to have mother spend a month in Washington, partly because of her great desire to be in the city and go shopping and partly to give her an opportunity to realize the cost of living. Sister Nellie was never more helpful, unselfish, and sisterly than just at this period of anxious consideration of ways and means to relieve an embarrassing situation.

✓
(Wife, 20 July, separate brown folder)

20 July 1932

"Dear Nellie:

"I have your instalment letter of the 12th and 17th, which I appreciate the more, knowing that it was not easy to write because of the many things that have to be ignored, the many things that have to be taken for granted, and the many things that have to be left unsaid.

"For instance, if we are to live together again in peace and tranquility it means that the stresses and strains and the unkind things said and done in the years gone by must be ignored; and it must be taken for granted that bitter animosity and vindictive assertion of rights and wrongs, real or imaginary, must be eliminated from daily intercourse--otherwise living together would be impossible for both. If we are to live together again in peace it must be on the basis of mutual respect, mutual obligations, and mutual home-making for husband and wife--not for other people. We can have friends, the more the better, and enjoy them and they us, but it should not be necessary to live with them and serve them to the permanent exclusion of either husband or wife. Neither is contentment and tranquility possible if we exceed our modest income--as we have done the past year. Also living together means mutual bearance and forbearance, tolerance and much patience. I have also taken for granted since your separation from Otis, Thelma, the Jenkinses, the Johnsons, the human cockroach and others, ^{that} you are willing to give consideration to your husband and your obligations as a wife, while there is yet time.

"With these things understood, it seems to me that we two, who have lived together for so many years and have had so many common and intimate experiences as husband and wife, and who know and understand each other so much better than others can possibly do, should be happier in our companionship, friendship, the tolerance that comes from mutual understanding and mutual interests, than we could hope to be permanent-

ly separated with the financial consequences that I so clearly foresee but which I suppose you only partially visualize.

"You speak of me as a stranger with whom you will have to become acquainted. To be sure you will. When I once said to you that I was naturally one of the laziest men ever born, ~~y~~ you were incredulous--with reason, perhaps, because I was working over-time. You thought I was filled with wanderlust and made opportunities for official travel; and when I said that I was interested in what I saw but that travel to me was a hardship and involved much sacrifice and was undertaken only from a sense of official duty, you said to me and to others that I would never be contented to remain stationary in the United States, in which you were wholly mistaken, because my one wish has been for many years, was and still is, to rest, rest, rest. But nothing I could say about this seemed to make the slightest impression upon you. Another thing that you never seemed to appreciate was my sense of obligation to the public service of which I was an active and responsible part in a small way and from which I drew my pay that made your living and mine and was my principal^{al} hope for old age provision when my earning capacity should and would ^{inevitably} ~~en~~ cease. My devotion to that service, which involved many things and many sacrifices that you could not, or would not, or at least did not, understand, was complete, sincere, and whole-hearted, and throughout that long period of strenuous effort and sacrifice I was sustained by the vision of ultimate retirement, absolute freedom from official obligation, and a comfortable old age with you. Retirement came sooner and in a different manner from what I had reason to expect, in a long drawn out, indecisive, disappointing and painful manner--but it came, and with it freedom. Along with it came the wife's misunderstandings, obsessions, and desertion. Well, nothing to do but let time ~~the~~ take its course, let the obsessions try themselves out to the

limit, and then maybe will come understanding. Since then the laziest man in the world has been free from official obligations and, of course, is not the man you only partly knew. Since then he has kept scandalous hours and formed scandalous habits which he has not the slightest intention of changing. All of which has to be understood and taken for granted.

"Now as to your proposal for a trip: Good suggestion, but when, where, and cost? Three considerations--curious how things run in threes. Yes, a vacation trip alone in 1930 would have helped a lot, but for another three considerations: (1) Official obligations that kept me on duty continuously, because I was responsible for an official project of great importance and had no assistants to carry on during my absence--I alone was responsible and had to be on duty practically every working day; (2) Otis; and (3) the financial prospect made it necessary to economize. None of these considerations appealed to you, but they were absolute and controlling.

"Now, my dear, in view of what has taken place and what has been written it seems to me that we might well spend a few hours together somewhere next week if you will say when and where; I will meet you at the time and place you may designate, barring accidents and adverse weather. I will, of course, ~~and~~ come in the car. Traffic conditions in Washington are so abominable and dangerous, especially from 8.30 to 9.15 a.m. that I should prefer to come before or after those ~~non~~ hours. Also I should want to leave in time to reach Sunny Hill before dark, because night lights are confusing and night driving dangerous, at least to me. I would suggest that I arrange to cross Washington about 9.30 a.m., pick you up at your house, or if you prefer somewhere else, about 10 a.m., and that we drive either to Great Falls, which I have not seen for many years, or to Chesapeake Beach, which I remember as the hottest hole outside of Washington in all the world.

Please make up your mind and mail your letter not later than Monday morning, so that I will receive it Tuesday morning--it takes two days for letters between Washington and Sunny Hill.

"One ther thing: Its about the situation & at Sunny Hill, which I feel should never have arisen, for which I do not feel in any wasy responsible, but which I foresaw and about which I wrote you a year ago last spring--the situation of Sister Nellie and mother, who have done all that a sister and a mother could be expected to do for one they loved in a most anomalous situation. In other words, they changed their whole course and routine of life, packed up their things and moved to Sunny Hill, went through all the arduous labor of putting renovated Sunny Hill House in shape--your particular job--and made other sacrifices for my sake--and it was more of a jY job than you perhaps realize. Now, I have simply said to them that your situation has changed and that there is a prospect that you may regain your senses and rejoin your husband at Sunny Hill, of course after the necessary arrangements may be made. Although it means much more to them than you perhaps realize, they responded generously, nobly and unselfishly. They would welcome you immediately and give you no cause for embarrassment--or vaaate within a few weeks, as they would expect to do whenever you return. Sister Nellie and I think exactly alike about mixed families--and each married couple constitutes a separate and independent family--also about Sunny Hill being your home, and your place being here, and she feels that when you return to your home she, not you, will be the guest and intruder, and she has the very natural feeling that she would not want to wear out her welcome. Can you match that? Think once, twice, and several times over that statement. Mother, of course, is different, but because of her blind and foolish devotion to me will acquiesce in anything and give little or no sign, though her heart bleed, and when you come she will not be here. I wonder if you

can visualize what all this means--and whether you still think Otis outweighs all. It involves a complete change of their plans and of their routine of life, and they are no longer young. It means finding a place to store their belongings, the accumulation of many years. It means packing up, moving, and setting up housekeeping a second time within eighteen months--and why? Well, you should know. This is meant not as a reproach, but as one of the many things that have to be understood, taken for granted, and ignored. Surely, my dear, you must sometimes realize that heartfelt faith and impulses sometimes lead to unforeseen results that are disastrous in their consequences to others in most unexpected ways, and that a certain amount of restraint is necessary in the indulging of what seems to be wholly ^{good,} moral, ^{and} righteous, heartfelt impulses. I have had those same impulses--so has everybody else--and lived to regret the temporary gratification of them.

"Please excuse Miss Typy. She went to the hospital recently to the tune of \$5.00, was cured of several specific ailments, but came back with a new one, that of doubling up, which seems to be incurable.

"Frederick County has had an Arizona climate for three years, and it still continues--excessively dry and all vegetation has suffered accordingly. Wheat yields have been cut from an average of 20 bushels to about 3 to 5 bushels, and the value of the wheat is about one-half cost of production. It will not be sold but used as chicken feed. So with everything else. Outside of Washington there is no work, no market, and no money. I have struggled, spent some good money, and like the old maid am now reconciled. I have loaned the two fine cows to a neighbor with children for the milk, with free pasture at Sister Nellie's place until they freshen and I can sell them for something less than I paid for them. I have dropped hired help, except for one day a week to clean out the stable and other heavy work. I have said to the weeds, the bugs, and other vermin 'Come on boys and show me what you can do--

and, believe me, they are doing just that. Anyhow, weeds, rabbits, ground hogs, weazles and foxes are just as interesting and beautiful in their way as cultivated plants, nasty poultry, and the little fairies and gnomes that inhabit the rocks and woods of Sunny Hill, and much more enterprising.

"Why all this resignation--simply because I can live in great comfort ~~at Sunny Hill~~ without any income from Sunny Hill, but cannot afford to continue to spend any money on it--but always Sunny Hill is beautiful and an ideal place to live, work and play, and much envied by others.

"Still another thing that you should know: The laziest man in the world happens to ~~have~~ have had a rather unique experience and rather unusual opportunities to see the world, and to have made a rather full shorthand record of that experience; also whatever success the laziest man in the world achieved and the salaries he earned were due almost entirely to his ability to write what other men only thought; and now the laziest man in the world is not altogether idle--he's mulling over those rather interesting shorthand notes--result wholly problematical, but he enjoys living his life over again. Just what may come out of this he does not know, he does not care, and he has no illusions--but it means that he is more or less glued to a desk, but under conditions more favorable than he has ever before experienced. What you and others probably do not appreciate is the fact that the mere typewriting of this account will take many months of drudgery, and many more months of patient revision. Foolishness, you say; yes, maybe so; but, and yet, many public men in high position have urged me to do this very thing; and my friend Marquis has several times asked for the privilege of editing and publishing my memoirs--and two others--but so far as I am concerned, nothing doing--I am simply amusing myself and enjoying myself, and nothing else at my time of

life matters much--except the unsatisfactory situation of my little blind wife. I mention this merely for your better understanding--because I propose to continue to find occupation and amusement in precisely this way until I reach a happy ending.

"Whether or not you wish to share in that happy ending is strictly up to you.

"Now, just let me know without delay where and when we may meet next week and I shall be there at the appointed place and time.

"Why, of course, Hoover is doomed; also the 18th amendment, which has been a conspicuous failure in all countries in which it has been tried--and also bootlegging, racketeering, and kidnapping will have to go, just as the saloon and its train of evils had to go. I am for prohibition just as much as you or any other blind fanatic, provided only that it actually prohibits, but it never has in any country of the world--and the next best thing is regulation, which is successful in several countries. It isn't what we wish, but what we can--and anything else is damn immoral--and utterly futile--and infantile.

"Como Fra Lowell Thomas, Hasta manana, y vaya con deus.

"Lee."

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4622

Thursday, 21 July; very hot. Sat up late last night typing letter to wife. Took the sedan to Frederick for checking up and service.

Friday, 22 July; hot and dry. Almost daily clouds form over the Monocacy and Potomac Rivers and one ^{can} ~~could~~ see the rain falling, but none reached^s the mountain. Sprayed some grapes. Had a long letter from Eunice who was much exercised over the possibility of wife's coming out to live at Sunny Hill and mother and sister having to move. I did not like the letter because it was so wholly unnecessary; it told me nothing that both sister and I did not already know and fully appreciate; but because I could appreciate her feelings ^{due to} ~~because of~~ her militant loyalty to the family I simply filed the letter without answer. It was much of the same nature as the unfeeling letter she wrote to her mother on the occasion of Laddie's death.

Saturday, 23 July; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out the laundry and other things. Sprayed the mimosa trees and mowed a section of the lawn.

Sunday, 24 July; clear and cool. Did some writing in the forenoon. Mr. Price and Thelma came out about 2 p.m. He said he expected to go to Canada with his employer in the fall and he wanted to know if Thelma and the baby could board with us for a month. I said he would have to ask Sister Nellie who had good reason not to like Thelma because of the insulting letter Thelma wrote her immediately after her marriage, the statements she had made to the neighbors to the effect that sister had never been married, and other malicious falsehoods, so that I did not think it would be wise to propose such a thing to sister, and that personally it would not be agreeable to me. He said that Otis had left Ethel, who was threatening to sue him for alimony, and that my wife still talks of

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4623

having his marriage annulled. He also said he had taken wife to a picnic last week and she had said she expected to come to Sunny Hill. I asked if he knew what had become of the furniture wife took with her to set Otis and Ethel up in housekeeping. He said that Ethel sold it last week for \$2.50. They stayed until after sunset and left reluctantly.

Monday, 25 July; hot and dry and vegetation suffering visibly. Had the garage man come out to start the truck for me and then drove it to the garage to have it gone over and the brakes fixed. Sister brought me back in her car. Had a letter from wife agreeing to meet me at the Cosmos Club. Evidently her feelings were hurt by my last letter.

Dr. Hedges' sister and a Mrs.^C Kline drove out from Frederick and wanted to buy some regal lilies and rent the Cricket House. ~~Mrs.~~ Miss Hedges was an elderly woman who seemed to be an invalid and very sentimental and flighty. She said she had suffered a great loss and was worrying about the future life and wanted to know what I thought about it. I said I knew nothing about a future life and would not dream of worrying about it because I felt that what I thought, said or did would not make the slightest difference.

(Wife, 25 July, [✓] separate brown folder)

(1932, July, 5, E. F.)

having his marriage annulled. He also said he had taken wife to a picnic last week and she had said she expected to come to Sunny Hill. I asked if he knew what had become of the Turner's wife took with her to get Olin and Ethel up in housekeeping. He said that Ethel sold it last week for \$2.50. They stayed until after sunset and left reluctantly.

Monday, 22 July; hot and dry and vegetation withering rapidly.

Had the garage man come out to start the truck for me and then drove it to the garage to have it gone over and the brakes fixed. Sister brought me back in her car. Had a letter from wife expressing to meet me at the Common Club. Evidently her feelings were hurt by my last letter.

Dr. Hedger, sister and a Mrs. ^CWine drove out from Frederick and wanted to buy some royal lilies and rent the Cricket House. Mrs. Wine Hedger was an elderly woman who seemed to be an invalid and very sentimental and flighty. She said she had suffered a great loss and was worrying about the future life and wanted to know what I thought about it. I said I knew nothing about a future life and would not dream of worrying about it because I felt that what I thought, said or did would not make the slightest difference.

(Wife, 22 July, separate brown folder)

25 July 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of yesterday came today. I am sorry if I said anything in my last letter that should have been left unsaid and that you took it amiss. Of course I want to see you and will plan to be at the Cosmos Club around ten o'clock Wednesday.

"And so, carissima, hasta la vista el miercoles a las diez.

"Lee.

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4624

Tuesday, 26 July; hot and dry. After waiting in vain a week for Emory ^SKline to work out some of the rent he owed mother I hitched up Mollie Mula and did some plowing. Suffered from griping pains in the abdomen and had to quit at 10 o'clock. Rest of the day I dozed and went without eating. Felt better by night.

Wednesday, 27 July; clear and hot, with heavy shower in the afternoon. With Sister Nellie I drove to Washington and left her at Eunice's. I went to the Cosmos Club where I was joined by my wife at 10.30 a.m. We walked to the V Corcoran Art Gallery but found it was a pay day and having seen it many times decided not to enter. Then we walked up 17th Street to an open air restaurant and had luncheon together. We sat in Lafayette Square until after 3 o'clock. She was quite her old self, amiable and agreeable, but looked smaller and thinner than I had seen her for many years. She talked incessantly and of everything but the one thing we had come to talk about, our reunion. It was with difficulty that I could get her attention on this subject. I told her of the arrangement that Sister Nellie had proposed, namely, that we should take a room in her house at Winworth and that mother should spend a month in Washington. Sister had said she would have everything ready by Monday, August 8. I suggested that for the first month, while Mr. Price was away, Thelma might come out to keep her company, and after that perhaps Emma Burton might be persuaded to come and ~~live~~ live with her. I pointed out how important it was that she should make a decision, because it meant that mother and sister would have to pack up and move all of their things and put the place in order. Wife would not give me a definite answer but said she would write. I felt strongly inclined to bid her a fond and last farewell, but she looked so lovable and so pathetic that I restrained my impatience. The time came for me to leave and I started to accompany her across the park. She asked me to step

into St. John's Church with her. I did so. The church was open and deserted. Together we walked up the aisle and stood for a moment where we had stood nearly thirty years before to be married. We stepped into the vestibule a moment and there I took her in my arms and kissed her. She pointed to the door and said that of all the people who ~~came~~ came through that door to see us married only Emma Burton was left behind besides ourselves. That was her last sentimental touch.

The interview was satisfactory in that her whole attitude towards me seemed to have changed since our separation from one of unrelenting hostility to her old time amiability. I was provoked that she would not get into the car and go home with me and that she would not give me a definite answer as to whether or not she was coming or when. It was evident that she wished to be courted and made much^{of}, she a lady of three score and ten. Well, anyway, I felt that I had done all I could to avert a tragedy for her closing years, and perhaps mine also, because I realized that my affections were entwined about her and that the love of her and the care of her and the protection of her were important factors in my own life and happiness.

Thursday, 28 July; clear and hot. Sister Nellie drove her own car to town for groceries. I went with her and brought back the truck. I mowed weeds, read the papers, and took a nap. Mother was very solemn over the prospect of leaving me and Sunny Hill, as would be necessary when wife ^acomes, because the two women could not endure each other. I realized that it would be hard for both mother and sister because of the packing and moving and setting up housekeeping again, and they had accumulated an enormous quantity of household effects--some of which was junk, as is the case with all families.

Friday, 29 July; clear and hot. In the forenoon I plowed some of the gardens with the mule and got very hot and tired. Sister started sorting things in the storeroom. I asked her to get Elizabeth to

(1932, July, S.H.)

E--4626

help, but she said it was a matter of selection which only she could do. Also I told sister to get help in the moving whenever she could use it to advantage, and to leave anything until it was more convenient to move, and that until she was ready to move her electric cooking range I would pay the monthly instalments, that she should try to make the moving as easy as possible, and that I would pay all expenses.

In the mail was a letter from Eunice reproaching me for the hardship involved to mother and sister in taking my wife back and causing them to move. I showed the letter to sister and she was greatly distressed, but I assured her that while I regretted it as a very foolish letter and was sorry that Eunice had written it I would overlook it.

Saturday, 30 July; a lovely ^aday. Took flowers to the hotel. Took Mrs. Emory ^CKline with me to town and brought her back with some ~~gro~~ groceries. The ^CKlines, in common with other neighbors who did not possess a horse or an automobile, often walk~~ed~~ four or five miles into Frederick and back with groceries.

Had a letter from wife, written in a pleasant tone, but vague and said nothing about coming out. WEX

We cut a fine watermelon in the afternoon, one of the best I ever tasted.

✓
(Wife, 30 July, separate brown folder)

(1932, July, 2.H.)

help, but she said it was a matter of selection which only she could
 do. Also I told sister to get help in the moving whenever she could
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 venient to move, and that until she was ready to move her electric
 cooking range I would pay the monthly installments, that she should
 try to make the moving as easy as possible, and that I would pay all
 expenses.

In the mail was a letter from Louise reproaching me for the
 hardship involved to mother and sister in taking my wife back and
 causing them to move. I showed the letter to sister and she was
 greatly distressed, but I assured her that while I regretted it as
 a very foolish letter and was sorry that Louise had written it I
 would overlook it.

Saturday, 30 July: a lovely day. Took flowers to the hotel.
 Took Mrs. Mary Line with me to town and brought her back with some
 groceries. The lines, in common with other neighbors who did
 not possess a horse or an automobile, often walked four or five
 miles into Frederick and back with groceries.
 Had a letter from wife, written in a pleasant tone, but vague and
 said nothing about coming out. Her
 We got a fine watermelon in the afternoon, one of the best I
 ever tasted.

(White, 30 July, separate brown folder)

30 July 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your nice letter of yesterday came today. I wish it had been you instead of only a letter, because this was one of the beauty days of the year, one of those days when heaven and earth seem to meet, as they sometimes do at Sunny Hill.

"After starting on the return trip Wednesday we ran through the edge of a thunder storm at Tennalleytown which lasted as far as Bethesda where it ceased. No sign of a drop of rain between Rockville and Frederick, but on the way out to Sunny Hill we began to see signs of rain and when we got upon the mountain we found that the rain god had ~~made~~ made a ~~misak~~ mistake and let over half an inch of rain fall on Sunny Hill--the first in many weeks, and everything ~~fe~~ freshened up wonderfully.

"This evening some people with friendly familiar faces--they have been out many times but failed to give their names--came for some flowers for their church tomorrow.. I got them some artimesia and gladioli, and then we walked down as far as the gap at the upper side of the narcissus patch to see the beautfful lights of Frederick and valley. One of them remarked that she had visited a very sick friend during the week and when she said to her that she had been up to Sunny Hill for flowers her friend began to babble about the beauty of the place until she could not decide whether her friend was simply hysterical or delirious. That reminds me that Leslie Masser remarked last spring, when he saw Sunny Hill thef first time after leaving it a year previously, 'Heaven may be prettier than Sunny Hill, but I don't believe it.'

"The Regal Lily that I told you about has been in the vase now for eight days and will last through tomorrow. I wish you could see them--only rival of peonies in their perfectinn. Wish I could

d send you one, but I have no box suitable. Have a letter from a lady in Baltimore who saw some of them at the Francis Scott Key Hotel and wants some.

"You ask if my visit last Wednesday was satisfactory. Why, my dear, of course. You were lovely and quite your old self, the one I love, and we were alone together and I was happy simply to be with you. That's what for many years I had looked forward to at Sunny Hill, what I have missed for the last two years, but what I still look forward to--companionship with you.

"You ask if I was disappointed: Not ~~d~~satisfied, but I had regrets, one of which was that I had to leave you, my wife, like a stranger, which ought not to be. Another was that you rather evaded discussion of our anomalous situation and gave me no answer to my suggestion that you be prepared to come to Sunny Hill a week from next Monday or Tuesday, which would be August 8 or 9, when Sister Nellie plans to vacate--provided that you say definitely that you are coming. Naturally if she is to make so important a change she wishes to make it without delay and have it over with--not simply think about it indefinitely. She has already arranged for space at Winworth and has begun to pack up odds and ends, in spite of my admonition that there is no occasion for hurry. But if she is to vacate by a week from Monday she should know definitely a few days in advance, say by Wednesday, because there will be much to do. While in Washington she found a room for mother, and the plan would be for me to take mother in and bring you out.

"Now, my dear, let's stop chewing the rag of misunderstanding and the writing of letters. I am heartily tired of it and am through. We are wasting a lot of precious time that might better be employed in enjoying ourselves. I am getting old, you are not getting any younger, and our remaining span of life is both short and uncertain. Why spend

it in foolish controversy, separation, regrets, heart aches, and permanent sadness. This old world of ours is not naturally or necessarily a sad one; it's sad only because we make it so. It need not be so with us if we make up our minds to settle down and live for each other in peace, love, and happiness. I am quite sure that I would be happier in the sunshine of your presence and companionship than among the shadowy images of memory. When you are absent I think of you more or less constantly, as a sort of undercurrent or background to my mental existence; and when you are with me I long to hold you in my arms, heart to heart, kiss and caress you; and whether you are present or absent my strongest feeling is one of protection--a desire to provide for you and to shield you from unpleasant things. I ask you in all sincerity if that feeling I have tried to express means anything to you--whether it is something that can be treated lightly, and if so what is the alternative?

"So now, wifie, please say in your next letter definitely whether or not you are prepared to come out to Sunny Hill with me a week from Monday or Tuesday, so that Sister Nellie may go ahead with her plans--because in the circumstances and after the sacrifices she has made she is entitled to a decision one way or the other.

"With love, a hug, and a kiss,

"Lee.

Lee

"P.S!--The honey box has not come. It will probably show up next Monday. In any event it will be much appreciated as coming from you.

"When I looked out a moment ago three fat bunny rabbits were sitting in the driveway near the Whippoorwill wiggling their ears. When I came back to my desk a little mouse came out and sat up in the middle and rubbed his nose reflectively as if wondering why I, the monster was intruding in his private apartment. Last night while

it in foolish controversy, separation, regret, heartache, and permanent sadness. This old world of ours is not naturally or necessarily a sad one; it's sad only because we make it so. It need not be so with us if we make up our minds to settle down and live for each other in peace, love, and happiness. I am quite sure that I would be happier in the sunshine of your presence and companionship than among the shadowy images of memory. When you are absent I think of you more or less constantly, as a sort of undercurrent or background to my mental existence; and when you are with me I long to hold you in my arms, heart to heart, kiss and caress you; and whether you are present or absent my strongest feeling is one of protection--a desire to provide for you and to shield you from unpleasant things. I ask you in all sincerity if that feeling I have tried to express means anything to you--whether it is something that can be treated lightly, and if so what is the alternative?

"So now, Willie, please say in your next letter definitely whether or not you are prepared to come out to Sunny Hill with me a week from Monday or Tuesday, so that Sister Nellie may go ahead with her plans--because in the circumstances and after the sacrifices she has made she is entitled to a decision one way or the other.

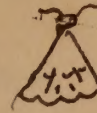
"With love, a hug, and a kiss,

"Lee.

"P.S.--The honey box has not come. It will probably show up next Monday. In any event it will be much appreciated as coming from you.

"When I looked out a moment ago three fat bunny rabbits were sitting in the driveway near the whippoorwill wagging their ears. When I came back to my desk a little mouse came out and sat up in the middle and rubbed his nose reflectively as if wondering why I, the monster was intruding in his private apartment. Last night while

reading in bed a little fairy dressed in soft green and silver trimmings sat on my pillow for two hours. She looked something like this:



reading in bed a little fairy dressed in soft green and silver
 trimmings sat on my pillow for two hours. She looked something

like this:



(1932, Aug. S.H.)

E--4627

Sunday, 31 July; clear and pleasant, but hot afternoon.

Charlie and Eunice arrived before I was up. A beautiful red female bird dog was running about the house in the morning. Sister Nellie fed her and shut her up in the storeroom. The dog was emaciated and ravenously hungry. Emory ^CKline said the dog had been given to a neighbor woman by a man from Baltimore. In the afternoon some visitors came out from Frederick for a picnic. In the evening we finished the watermelon. I suspected that Sister Nellie was feeling badly about the prospect of leaving Sunny Hill.

Monday, 1 Aug.; clear and fine. I drove to town for some millet seed, but could find no millet, or cowpeas or soybeans, so I bought some Sudan grass seed instead. A five-pound can of honey was received from wife. It seems she had been associated in her candy making course with an elderly gentleman in Washington who made a business of buying, blending, and selling honey, and this was a sample. The female dog, which we named Susanne, was ravenously hungry and thirsty, and extremely nervous and active. She was not still a moment. Mother and sister wanted to let ^{her} in the house, but I objected. She knew how to open doors with her paws and we had to keep the screen doors latched. During lunch time she became greatly excited and tried to open the doors or come in the windows, racing from one to the other in her efforts to effect an entrance.

I picked some magnificent regal lilies and red gladioli in the afternoon. The evening was lovely.

Tuesday, 2 Aug.; cloudy and cool. Spent the day cutting weeds, reading and writing. So far we were unable to satisfy Susanne's extraordinary appetite and capacity for food. It was amusing to see her "point" the chickens. She would follow them about, crawl, and grow rigid when they stopped. Sandy, the bull-Ayrdale, did not know what to make of her. They were about as different in disposition

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as any two dogs could be.

Wednesday, 3 Aug.; cloudy, showers, and warm. Took flowers to the hotel with sister, who did some shopping. Stopped at Winworth and watched a veterinarian inoculate the cows as a test for tuberculosis. As we drove up the mountain there came a short and heavy downpour of rain.

Had a letter from wife saying definitely for the first time that she would come out to Sunny Hill to live with me and suggesting a delay of a week, and that I come in Saturday afternoon and go with her to a Grange picnic; also that she was out of money.

(Wife, 3 Aug.,  separate brown folder)

3 August 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter came today and is O.K. The honey came Monday and is delicious.

"Because of the many things to be done it will be better to postpone your coming out until week after next. I think it should be Tuesday, the 16th, barring bad weather, so that I can take mother in and bring you out, and her room rent can begin on the half month.

"I thought of the check the first, Monday, but postponed writing it thinking your letter would come Tuesday. Sorry that the cupboard is bare and that the inclosed check cannot reach you before Saturday. You see, the mail man comes only once a day, about 10 a.m., and if a letter is not in the box before he comes it has to wait until the next day unless we make a special trip into town to mail it.

"I am not overwhelmingly enthusiastic about the Grange picnic, but because I want to see you and meet some of the friends, and because it may be a long time before we can attend another picnic of the Potomac Grange, I will come in Saturday afternoon. You may expect me between 3 and 4 o'clock, unless it is a wet afternoon. If I am not there before 5 o'clock you will understand I have been prevented. I see no reason why we should not drive in our own car out to Mrs. Teel's and avoid paying storage on it.

"We have a new member of the family, a beautiful young female bird dog that came to us last Sunday. She was starving and Sister Nellie has been trying to fill her up. I have never seen such a voracious eater. Also she is excessively active and in constant motion--almost makes one dizzy to watch her. She knows how to open screen doors and the only way we can keep her out is to latch them or shut the inner doors. At meal time she races around the house, trying each door in succession and between times stands up on her hind legs and gazes at

us reproachfully through the windows. Whether or not we can keep her will depend on how much of a nuisance she is--but she is bright, intelligent, affectionate and amusing.

"We had a light shower this afternoon, just enough to lay the dust.

"I will plan to reach your place around 3 o'clock Saturday.

"Until then, with love,

"Lee."

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Thursday, 4 Aug.; clear and hot. In the forenoon I mowed grass and weeds. Lewis came up with butter. I spoke to him about keeping the team at the lower place, I to furnish the feed and he to care for them and use them on his own place when needed, to which he readily agreed. I kept little Mollie Mula at Sunny Hill for garden work and odd jobs. Sister took mother with her to town with the idea of getting a loan from the building and loan association with which to remodel the schoolhouse. I suggested that if there was any difficulty it would be a good investment to take a loan on Winworth, remodel the schoolhouse, and rent it for twice the annual interest, and after the grounds were landscaped she would have no difficulty in getting a loan on it with which to pay off the loan on Winworth and in course of time the rent from the schoolhouse property ~~it~~ would pay off the loan. I did some mowing and writing.

Friday, 5 Aug.; hot and dry. Hoeing, mowing, and writing. Looking forward with anything but pleasure to the Grange picnic because of the inconvenience and discomforts of picnics. I suspected wife's invitation was simply to rehabilitate herself with her Grange friends who no doubt had thought her situation rather anomalous because we used to go together to the meetings and then I dropped out of the picture.

Saturday, 6 Aug.; very hot. Took flowers to the hotel and to Miss Johnson, who apologized for not having change with which to pay for them. She ~~th~~ told an anecdote of what happened to young Mr. Bowers of the lumber company of that name. He and his wife lived in a small house in the suburbs with an old maid servant. They thought a great deal of this old servant and ~~after many years of urging~~ for many years had urged her to take a vacation. Finally she consented and while she was gone they had her room renovated, repapered, new linoleum put on the floor, new curtains hung, and the like. When the servant returned

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both accompanied her to the refurbished room to enjoy her surprise. She looked about, expressed appreciation, and then asked what had become of the mattress. They said it had gone to a second hand dealer. She collapsed in a chair and groaned and cried and became hysterical. Questioning brought out the fact that her savings for more than eight years were concealed in the old mattress. Mr. Bowers hurriedly telephoned to the dealer and ascertained that he still had the old mattress. It was returned within an hour and the maid was overjoyed to recover her savings. Mr. Bowers proceeded to lecture her on the folly of hiding money in mattresses or stockings because of the risk. The next morning he almost forced her to accompany him to a bank and open an account. She did so and was given a nice new bank book and a check book and the procedure of depositing and withdrawing money was fully explained to her. Within sixty days the bank ^{at} ~~filed~~ with most of Mr. Bowers' money tied up in it. Much as he regretted his own loss he regretted still more the loss of the maid servant because he felt responsible for ^{her savings} ~~its~~ being in the bank. It devolved ~~u~~ upon him to break the sad news to her. At first he could not understand why she took the news so philosophically and expressed so much sympathy for him. He explained that he ~~s~~ could stand the loss and continue to make money to replace what he had lost, but what he most regretted was his responsibility for her loss. "Oh," she said, "don't worry about me; at the end of the first thirty days I took all my money out of the bank and put it right back in the mattress where I knew it would be safe."

I left at one o'clock to drive to Washington and succeeded in crossing the city without accident. I found wife at Emma Burton's house. She was dressed in light attire ^{ch} ~~sug~~ as it had rarely been my privilege to see her in during all the years we had lived together. Sister Nellie had fixed up a large bouquet of regal lilies, red gladioli, artimesia, and zinneas. Wife was delighted with the flowers,

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They were very beautiful specimens and the combination of colors was striking. Wife ~~all~~ called up the other tenants in the house and divided the flowers with them. We spent the rest of the afternoon in talking, or rather she talked and I listened.

At 5.15 p.m. we left ~~for~~ for the Grange picnic at Mrs. Teel's place near Four Corners a few miles beyond Silver Springs, Maryland. Although we had a rough sketch map we had difficulty in finding the ~~place~~ place because it was off the main road and no one in the neighborhood seemed to know where it was. At last we found the place and there were about twenty cars parked on the grounds. Some of the men under the direction of Mr. Marquis had roasted ^{a quantity of} some [^] beef over an open fire. Some improvised benches and tables had been erected of rough lumber. Every inch of table space was occupied. People had to push over to make room for us. The benches were too narrow, too high, and exceedingly uncomfortable. The food was not well distributed and the few people who were serving others could not get around. The result was that every one got only a scrappy and very unsatisfactory meal. Then we sat about until we were tired. People began to leave and we followed. I had a nerveracking drive across the city because of the traffic and the confusing lights. Again and again I damned the soul of the man who invented picnics and ~~of~~ all picnic enthusiasts.

We stopped to see Mary Ladd, wife's niece, who was a ~~clone~~ clone until one of her three sons came in. She had ~~grown~~ grown very stout since I last saw her. From there we drove down to a drug store ^{for} ~~or~~ some icecream, to take to wife's room. We sat up until midnight, she talking most of the time and I listening. Emma's two rooms were nicely furnished and comfortable with windows opening on to a vacant lot.

Sunday, 7 Aug.; Washington; clear and very hot. Slept with wife last night for the first time since March, 1931, and for the third

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time in more than two years. Wife fixed a nice breakfast and for luncheon we had canteloupe. Otis came about 10.30 a.m. and remained only a few minutes. He was very subdued in manner. He said he was getting sixteen dollars a week at a chain store, that Ethel had left him and he was rooming with three other ^Pemployes of the store.

I left at 2 p.m. and reached home at 4 o'clock. It was a hot ride and a great relief to get back. Sister said that Mr. Callander and Mr. Dennee of my old crop estimates office were out yesterday afternoon. Sorry I missed them.

Monday, 8 August; clear, hot, and very dry. By the time I was up sister had done the washing and she and mother were busily engaged in packing up the dishes. I transferred wine from the cellar to the attic of the Whippoorwill. Also I washed a lot of jars and large bottles. In the evening there was a beautiful display of cumulous clouds..

✓
(Wife, 8 Aug., separate brown folder)

8 August 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"I had good luck in crossing the abominable city, a smooth run, and after stopping in Frederick for gas reached Sunny Hill at 4 p.m. It was a great relief to get back to the quietness and greenness of things after the quivering heat of the road.

"The folks report that about 5 o'clock yesterday Mr. Callendar, Dr. Jones, and Mr. Dennee, visited the place. I am sorry to have missed them, as they were me, but I have little sympathy with people who come so far without advance notice of some kind. Mr. Dennee is now stationed at Bellingham, Washington.

"A short while ago a vivid thunderstorm passed to the north of us and we got only a few drops of rain. It was a noisy storm and the two dogs, shut up in the barn, were nervous and barked. I went out to pacify them and they both hugged me. Even little morose Sandy was overjoyed to see me.

"Well, my dear, I greatly enjoyed my visit and the nice breakfast you prepared. Sorry it was so hot and I did not feel like threading the traffic of the hot streets, or we could have had an automobile ride. Emma's little apartment is so bright and cheerful and convenient that I wonder why she does not want to live in it. It must be that her associations in Richmond are very pleasant. I thought Otis looked well and that his manners are greatly improved, as they should because the store is a good school.

"The katies are j katididding tonight. So good night, with love.

"Lee."

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Tuesday, 9 August; very hot. I was kept awake during the night by prowling dogs and was up three times with a gun to shoot them but in the darkness I could not distinguish them. However, I caught sight of one in the morning and a shot sent him scurrying away. The telephone men ^{came} in the afternoon to string new ~~w~~ wires. The wires had been on the ground since the blizzard of March 6th. I cut some wood and after supper sandpapered the last of the new dining room chairs so that sister could stain it. Read "Hobby House" by Neale last night and thought it a fairly good story.

Wednesday, 10 Aug.; hot with shower in the late afternoon. Drove to town with flowers and brought out the laundry and groceries. Stopped at Lewis's to bring him up. When I got out at his house I noticed a small hole burning in the imitation leather cover of the automobile seat in the pickup. Evidently it was from a spark that had fallen from my cigar. I rubbed it until I thought all the fire was extinguished, but when we stopped ^{at} ~~the~~ the mail box it was still burning. I took the seat out and poured a bottle of orangeade, the only liquid available, on the burning space. Lewis took the team and wagon down to Winworth, which will leave only the little mule for me to care for. A heavy shower passed over in the late afternoon. After supper I pulled weeds for an hour.

Thursday, 11 Aug.; pleasant day. Sister and mother packing up. I pulled some weeds, had a nap, and wrote some.

Friday, 12 Aug.; warm and pleasant. Listened to President Hoover's acceptance speech over the radio and sat up late watching for shooting stars of which I saw very ^{few} ~~few~~. Lewis and his son-in-law were up early and hauled several truck loads of household goods down to Winworth. Shortly after noon Catherine Masser and several others

called to see the things in the Whippoorwill, which they call "the museum." They stayed a long time and I had difficulty in getting rid

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of them. Had a letter from wife. In the evening some of the hotel employes came out to see the flowers.

(Wife, 12 Aug., separate brown folder)

12 August 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of the 10th--that would be Wednesday--came today. I found Sister Nellie and mother quite busy. They have been packing little stuff, dishes and the like for several days, and this morning sent down several truck loads. Lewis drove the truck, although he is still rather shaky. He had two loads out before I got up. The rest of the stuff will go down next Monday.

"I appreciate your feeling for Washington and think your suggestion about visiting it occasionally and stopping at Emma's a good one. For me Washington is spoiled by the abominable traffic, and in summer time by the intense heat.

"Early this afternoon I had three young visitors, Catherine Masser and her sister Elsa (Willie Masser's girls) and a young Mr. Putnam, who came over to see my curiosity shop in the Whippoorwill. They were so awkward I had difficulty in helping them say good bye. This evening a party came out from the hotel to see the flowers.

"We had a good shower Wednesday afternoon late but within an hour all trace of it was gone. The place shows the effects of the long drouth.

"Well, dearie, I will probably call for you between 10 and 11 am. Tuesday next. If we can get away in time perhaps we can get luncheon in Frederick. Sister Nellie would like to be here to welcome you, but her thought is that you would enjoy it more to be alone the first afternoon and look about. She will be up for a little while the next morning. The little Jap lilies that you remember began to open today.

"So long until Tuesday, with love,

"Lee."

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Saturday, 13 Aug.; clear and hot. I drove to town in the truck with flowers, had the truck serviced, and brought out various things. Mrs. Hershey and another lady came out and I showed them over the place. Went down for Lewis to drive some cows out of the Schultz place. Stopped at Lucy Whipp's for a can of condensed milk and she gave me a bottle of homemade beer. Did some weeding. Charlie and Eunice came out.

Sunday, 14 Aug.; hot and dry. Eunice and Charlie getting their things together. After luncheon they and Sister Nellie took some things down to Winworth. In the evening Miss Ross and a party from Frederick came out for a picnic by the narcissus field and stayed until after 8 o'clock. They left a paper bag with some cupcakes in it on the veranda of the Whippoorwill for me. I put the bag on the table and while I was adjusting the radio Susanne grabbed it and started away with it. One of the cakes dropped out and ~~sa~~ she ate it quickly. A rather trying day because of the heat and visitors.

Monday, 15 Aug.; hot and dry and vegetation burning up. Sister Nellie working hard to get her things moved back to Winworth. Lewis and Emory hauling the things down in the truck until noon. While at Winworth Emory drank some of sister's wine and was too drunk to work in the afternoon. I took mother to the dentist in the morning to have her artificial teeth fixed, and brought out groceries. Also bought a padlock and chain for the door to the attic where I kept a small stock of wine. I made a second trip to town in the afternoon for mother's teeth. After supper I drove sister down to Winworth with several jugs of wine. We found Emory still there although he had not been able to work in the afternoon. We had a watermelon in the evening. This was to be the last evening mother and sister were to spend with me at

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Sunny Hill. Both were sympathetic and hopeful that everything would turn out for the best. I felt under great obligation to them, especially to Sister Nellie, for the manner in which they had acquiesced in the change that meant so much inconvenience, besides the separation that would ~~be~~ result from having a wife hostile to them at Sunny Hill.

Tuesday, 16 Aug.; hot and ^{very} dry. Lewis~~d~~ came up early for a truck load of chickens and sister went back with him. Mrs. ^Cline came up to help set the house in order. Then I took mother in the ~~se~~ sedan to Washington, ^{arriving} ~~leaving~~ about 10 a.m., and left her with Eunice.

At Randall Highlands I found wife waiting for me. Instead of the van load of things she took from our Washington home she brought with her only two suitcases. I learned later that many of her things were stored in the attic of Emma's house. She had arranged with Clifford Ladd ^{to take him} with us as far as 10th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue on our way out and ~~then on~~ to Wisconsin Avenue to see Otis. I regretted this because it took me through the heart of the city and busiest traffic, but I succeeded in getting through without accident. We stopped at the chain store where Otis was working and he came out for a moment.

We had a hot drive to Frederick where we ~~z~~ stopped to have a nice luncheon at Mrs. Snyder's. Then we ~~z~~ drove to Sunny Hill and walked about. There was much that was new and strange to her and she seemed to be interested in everything, but would not enter the Cricket House that she used to love so much. She procrastinated about supper and did not begin until after 7 p.m., and instead of trying to find things herself she wanted me to find them ~~for~~ for her.

After 9 p'clock we came over to the Whippoorwill. It was a

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trying day for me, especially the drive through the traffic in Washington, the heat, and listening to a rather steady stream of talk. However, it was a relief to know that the nightmare of 1930 was in the past, the separation of 1931 and half of 1932 was over, and that we were together again without the adopted children or interfering neighbors, and my wish was that we might never part.

Wednesday, 17 Aug.; hot and terribly dry. Sister Nellie came up for flowers with Sarah Lee Miller. I showed Sarah Lee over the Whippoorwill. After breakfast I took wife to town with me to ~~leave~~ leave laundry and do some shopping. Otis and Walker came out and both worked on Walker's ^a~~ca~~. We had a sweet corn dinner. Had our first peaches this year and they were very good. Also a watermelon. Had a good nap in the afternoon.

Thursday, 18 Aug.; cloudy and raining; first rain in a long time. We ~~slépt~~ slept late and when we awoke it was raining. We both ran out on the lawn without our clothes and had a shower bath. It was almost the first time I had ever seen my wife without clothing or hiding behind a screen. It was ~~h~~ nearly noon when we finished breakfast. In the afternoon I weeded in the grape arbor garden. We had a nice supper and retired early.

✓
(Mother, 18 Aug., brown folder)

Aug.
(1932, ~~July~~, S.H.)

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Friday, 19 ~~July~~ Aug.; clear and pleasant. Took wife and ~~st~~ sister to town on a shopping trip. Wife very deliberate in her shopping. Had a nap in the afternoon and delicious chicken soup for supper. Spent some time in the Whippoorwill studying mail order catalogues for a table, buffet, kitchen cabinet, and other pieces of furniture made necessary by sister's moving.

Saturday, 20 Aug.; a clear, beautiful day. Before breakfast Dr. Jones telephoned that the employees of the Crop Estimates Division were to have a picnic at Hayne's Point on the Potomac and wanted me to be present. Much as I dislike picnics I consented to go, as this might be the last ~~time~~ opportunity I ^{should} ~~might~~ ever have of meeting my former employees for whom I had a high regard. I arranged with sister to have Lewis ~~son~~ spend the afternoon at Sunny Hill during our absence.

We had a pleasant ride in and no trouble in ^Parking the car at Hayne's Point. There was some delay in finding Dr. Jones. After he came a nice picnic luncheon was served and, for a wonder, there was plenty and some to spare. After the luncheon we watched the marathon runners pass. They had started at Mt. Vernon and were to end at the capitol. Most of them looked utterly exhausted. Then we had a final session of our picnic group with talks by ~~se~~ several of the officials and employees, including myself.

The late afternoon sun that we faced on the return trip was very trying to my eyes. After stopping in Frederick for groceries we reached home at 7 p.m. The two dogs, the ~~cats~~ cats, and Mollie Mula were glad to see us. Sister telephoned that Mr. Renn offered forty dollars for the Guernsey cow and new ~~elf~~ ~~el~~ calf and fifteen dollars for the yearling heifer.

Sunday, 21 Aug.; a lovely day. I gathered a basket full of sweet corn and some flowers. Mr. Price, Thelma, and baby, came at 11 a.m. and left at ~~4pm~~ 8.30 p.m. Thelma spent the day with wife in

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Sunny Hill House and Mr. Price and I were most of the time in the Whippoorwill. For dinner we had a great dish of succotash, roast beef, mashed potatoes, peas, tomatoes, bread and butter, coffee and pie. For supper the main dish was sweet corn on the cob. Thelma took back with her a basket of sweet corn.

Monday, 22 Aug.; hot. The dogs chased a rooster in the barn and pulled out all his tail feathers. Took wife to town and we selected paper for two rooms. In the afternoon Mr. Hankey came out to look at one of the radios and decided he would have to take it to his shop. Later Mr. Michael, the paper hanger, came out with his wife, he to measure the rooms and she to look at the flowers. Sent an order to a mail order house for some furniture.

Tuesday, 23 Aug.; very hot. After going to the mail box I counted the peony hills to be moved to Winworth. There were more than two thousand hills to be moved. Drew up an alternate proposal for sister to consider, because it was to be a partnership affair. She later agreed to dig and transplant them, share one-half in sale of plants and one-third in sale of flowers. Mr. Hankey brought out the radio that had been adjusted. I did some writing. In the forenoon a representative of the Potomac Edison Company came, saying he had heard that I intended to buy an electric cooking range. It shows how keen of scent these salesmen are, because I had said nothing to any one about it. However, when he said that he could sell me one at a discount of thirty percent I gave him the order for delivery the following month.

Wife was cheerful, but deliberate mentally and physically, and slept a good deal, and ate little lest it give her trouble. So far she had not entered the Cricket House which formerly she had professed to love so much and which most people admire. At the supper table she remarked how obstinate her niece was and expressed the

opinion that this unalterable rigidity came from the Burton side of the family rather than from the Mellings.

The coming of wife made a change in our household habits. Sister Nellie and mother were both energetic and accustomed to going to bed early and rising at 5 a.m. and having breakfast within thirty minutes, luncheon promptly at noon or perhaps half an hour before noon, and supper about 5 p.m.; sometimes earlier because sister wanted to get it over with; and the washing of the dishes and other housework was done with equal promptness. My habits were different. While traveling abroad with business only with officials of the government I soon learned that it was difficult to see an official before 11 a.m. or later, or before 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As breakfast was not worth considering there was no use in getting up early so I soon formed the habit of sleeping late. As I could not hope to transact any business within two or three hours after midday I and there was little else to do in the heat of the day I also formed the habit of taking a nap in the early afternoon. Suppers could not be had before 7, 8, or 9 o'clock in the evening and I got used to that custom. Then I had formed the habit of reading in bed until midnight, or perhaps several hours after midnight. These habits did not fit into the scheme of things after my return from abroad, and still less with the routine of sister and mother. I know that it caused them much inconvenience. They would be up, have their breakfast, and finish the housework, all but my room, before I was awake. For a time mother tried waking me by opening the door of my room, or if I stepped out for a moment she went in and made the bed, until I put an inside latch to the door. Now, all was changed, and in a way the change suited me better. Wife had always had the custom of coming to bed after me, no matter how late the hour. No matter how tired or

sleepy she might be she would not consent to retire before I did. Also she had absolutely no sense of time. The result was that in the morning we would sleep as long as we felt sleepy and get up only when we were wide awake and felt like it. This was possible, of course, because I had no office and no appointments to keep. But it was a delightful state of affairs to be able to lie in bed as long as one felt like it. The preparation of breakfast was a leisurely affair and luncheon was a movable feast anywhere from noon to 2.30 p.m. and the dishes were washed and the bed made any time during the day. Supper was regulated largely by the occurrence of certain radio broadcasts in which I was interested, Lowell Thomas and Amos and Andy, which came at 6 or 7 p.m. depending on the season of the year and daylight saving time. In summer we usually had supper after these broadcasts, and in winter before. Under the conditions in which we were living, no regular office hours or set appointments, these irregular hours ~~se~~ suited me better than the rigid regularity of the hours my sister and mother kept.

However, when it came to shopping or transacting business in town it was another story. My sense of time and wife's lack of it were in direct conflict. I regarded going to town as a necessary ~~evil~~ ^{evil}, because we had to have supplies, but it involved a waste of time when I always had ~~se~~ something more important or interesting to do; so I went only when I had something definite to go for, got it, and returned with the least possible delay. I wanted to have it over with and off my mind by noon; she could rarely get ready by noon, and I would be kept in suspense as to when she would be ready. In town, knowing exactly what we came for and where to get it, I would want to finish at once and depart; but she had all the time there was and the purchase of each article was a separate transaction to be done with due deliberation and mature consideration after

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minute inspection. If she decided that she might possibly find something better at another place or a cent or two lower in price she would move on and the operation would have to be repeated. Then, too, in going about she would see things that interested her and spend much time studying them and asking questions about them. All this was maddening to me when I was with her and very trying to busy clerks who waited on her. My impatience on these shopping excursions was very trying to her also. Finally we hit upon the plan of dividing the shopping and errands, I looking after some and she the others. I would finish mine within a few minutes and then return to the car where I would read and smoke until my wife appeared thirty minutes, an hour or two hours later. The time always seemed longer to me because I was through and waiting, especially when it was very hot or very cold; while to her it seemed that she had taken only a few minutes, because she had been busy, occupied, and interested every minute of the time, and time meant nothing to her anyway. The most exasperating thing was when, after waiting an hour or more and she returned with an armfull of things, or accompanied by a clerk ~~xxxx~~ with an armful of things, and I thought that the period of waiting was over, to have her say that she ~~that she~~ had forgotten something and wanted to just step across the street and get it. I soon learned that this meant another fifteen minutes or half an hour to do something that I could have done in three minutes; but she would rarely consent to let me do it. However, I tried to be as patient as I could in these matters because I realized that her life at the farm was a lonely one and shopping was a treat to her, even though she said she did not like it.

I realized more than I ever had before the difference in this respect between town and country. In the town or city the wife can go shopping by herself at any hour and can go across the street or

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to the corner grocery or drug store and get what she needs or wants, without bothering her husband beyond paying the bills. But in the country it is different. Someone, her husband if there is no one else, must take her to town and bring her back and wait for her between times, and for him it may mean a loss of time.

This question of time is a curious one. To me it has always meant something fundamental, involving relativity, perspective, sequence, inevitability, and precious value. Practically everything in my life and thoughts is related and circumscribed by ~~f~~^time limitations. Time is all we have and measures life and opportunity. Because of the value of time I have habitually tried to do the things I had to do or wanted to do, especially routine and unimportant things, in the least possible time. Why?, I asked myself. Because I wanted to get the routine, unimportant, uninteresting things that had to be done out of the way so that I would be free for something else that had to be done, something more important perhaps, or to keep an appointment, or, if nothing else, to be free to dream or play, which I could not do so long as I felt under obligation to do something. Because I valued time so highly ^{as something} so ~~precious~~ ^{precious}, so short, so inadequate, so utterly beyond human control, so measured instant by instant, hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, with an inevitable end for the individual, unknown to him, all of which goes on unconsciously to him while he is doing things or sleeping, I have always abhorred the waste of time either for myself or others, and that is why all through life ^I ~~in~~ have sacrificed much to avoid wasting the time of others by ^{at} ~~failing~~ to keep an ~~x~~ appointment. This sense of time, as I call it, was probably instinctive with me and was further developed as a result of my keen interest in many things during all my ~~wax~~ waking moments. By long experience and observation I learned about how long it takes to do anything or to go anywhere,

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E--4644

and to visualize probably^e and possible obstacles and accidents and allow for them, and by doing so to know when to begin to prepare for anything so that it could be accomplished with certainty^{ai} and on time. It was always a disappointment when I failed to accomplish what I set out to do, and a great satisfaction when everything came out as calculated ~~with~~ with a margin of time to spare spare.

My wife seemed utterly to lack this sense of time and its value. Therefore she never allowed sufficient time in which to do anything that was to be done, she never made the proper allowances for unexpected interruptions, she never began to prepare soon enough, and it did not disturb her in the least if other people were kept ~~wait~~ waiting for her. What difference did it make anyhow? In fact, to this day she is unconscious of ever having made people wait and waste precious time and put them to all sorts of inconvenience. Her indifference to time was sublime, if not divine. This difference in time concepts between wife and I ~~is~~ naturally resulted in many stresses and strains, and I always / will, but as the years went / by I have become used to it and make allowances for it and override her only in case of a time appointment, as with a train or bus or a speaking engagement. It is possible that this opposition of ideas and instincts with respect to time may have been one of the attractions that led to our marriage, on the theory that the combination of extremes brings about an average, which seems to be nature's method of evening things up.

Wednesday, 24 Aug.; clear and hot. I drove to town to have a tire repaired and to do some shopping. At noon I went a second time to see Mr. Grove, one of the county commissioners, regarding the prospect of getting ^{road} ~~some~~ work done. He said funds were insufficient. The paperhanger finished his work in the afternoon. Wife and I had a long nap after he left, and then a good supper.

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E--~~464rt~~ 4645

Thursday, 25 Aug.; clear, hot, and dry. 3 Cisterns and tanks dry. Had Emory ~~K~~^Cline fixing washouts at lower place. I drove to town for a supply of kerosene for the oil stove. On the way I learned that old Dave Kintz had been killed by an accident the day before.

Friday, 26 Aug.; clear, hot and dry. Took wife to town and we selected a fiber rug ~~for~~ for the ~~f~~ front room. Then bought some kitchen utensils. Wife very deliberate in making up her mind and it was late when we left Frederick. Had a nap and then walked to the lower place to see how Emory was getting along with the washouts. The newly papered rooms and the new rug look cheery and neat.

Saturday, 27 Aug.; clear, hot, and dry. Did not sleep well at night and got up early. Took wife to town for groceries. Saw a circus parade twice, as it went up and back on Market Street. We could not avoid the parade because we ~~h~~ happened to be on the wrong side of the street as it passed both ways. The town was full of country people.

Sunday, 28 Aug.; cloudy and pleasant. Filled all the vases with flowers. That was one of my joys, cutting flowers for the vases. Walked down to Winworth to see sister, and had a nap afterwards.

Monday--missing.

Tuesday, 30 Aug.; very hot. Drove to Washington for mother. She had spent the last two weeks in a rented room near the apartment of Eunice. We were back in Frederick shortly after 11 a.m. Bought some groceries. Sister Nellie was much provoked because I had ordered an electric cooking range without first consulting her because ~~Me~~ she had it all arranged that I should buy the Miller's range that they were leaving. Her mistake was in not speaking to me about it beforehand.

(1932, Aug. S.H.)

E--4646

Wednesday, 31 Aug.; intolerably hot. Went to town with the truck and brought out some furniture bought from a mail order house and Lewis^a and I worked feverishly for several hours unpacking and setting up the furniture. It was knocked down and a real puzzle to fit some of the parts together. At 3.10 wife and I drove to the Hood College observatory by invitation to witness an eclipse of the sun. We found a small gathering there. ~~About~~ ^{The} only noticeable thing about the eclipse was a peculiar light over the landscape for a few minutes. We were much pleased with the new furniture. It was so hot we had both electric fans running in the evening.

Thursday, 1 Sept.; very hot and dry. Did some writing, read the papers, and kept quiet. Some visitors came out to see the place.

Friday, 2 Sept.; hot, with shower in the afternoon. Took wife to town and we had luncheon at Snyder's. They have excellent Virginia ham sandwiches, coffee, and ice cream.

Saturday, 3 Sept.; cloudy and hot. Sister brought Mrs. Miller and little Sarah Lee up to see the place and I showed them about. Wife busy cleaning up.

Sunday, 4 Sept.; hot. Otis and Walker were out before breakfast. After breakfast I took them over to the Whippoorwill and gave them some wine. They drove into Frederick and brought out a Sunday paper for me. Afternoon writing.

Monday, 5 Sept.; hot. Sister and helpers began digging the peonies to be transplanted to Winworth. I drove to town at noon for mother's set of teeth. Otis and Walker stayed over night and amused themselves in various ^{ways} during the day. I picked some Delaware grapes and gave ^{each} ~~each~~ a basket full to take back with him. Also took a basket full to mother. Writing notes in the

afternoon of my stay in Cairo.

Tuesday, 6 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Sleep interrupted by the baying of hounds; also by an automobile trying to get over the hill in front of the house. While dressing in the morning Mr. Six, ex-jailbird, came to the house and asked for some gasolene with which to start his car that had stalled. It was the one I heard making so much noise after midnight. I got a rubber tube and he took a gallon out of one of the automobile tanks. Drove to town for the laundry and other things. Had one and a half inches of rain last night and for the first time in more than a month the ground was wet.

Wednesday, 7 Sept.; a clear beautiful day. Sister and helpers digging peonies. Drove to town with the truck and brought out a new kitchen cabinet which Emory ^C~~K~~line and I uncrated and set up. Two ladies from Germantown were out to see the place.

Thursday, 8 Sept.; clear and cool. Went after the mail and read until noon. Took wife to town, had luncheon at Snyder's, and did some shopping. After supper Otis and Walker ^a~~c~~ame out. Otis wanted to consult me about getting a divorce from Ethel. They were again living together and so far as I could learn were giving each other no ground for divorce. There had been infidelity, but that had been condoned by their living together again. Neither had any money with which to pay the expenses of a divorce. Naturally, I counseled conciliation and patience, and if that was not efficacious, then a period of watchful waiting and collection of evidence that would be convincing in court.

Friday, 9 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Reading until noon. Mrs. Hershey and another lady came out just at luncheon time and kept me talking for quite awhile. I felt a little peevish because the Hersheys always seemed to time their visits to coincide with our

afternoon of my stay in Cairo.

Tuesday, 6 Sept.: clear and pleasant. Sleep interrupted by the baying of hounds; also by an automobile trying to get over the hill in front of the house. While dressing in the morning Mr. Six, ex-jailbird, came to the house and asked for some gasoline with which to start his car that had stalled. It was the one I heard making so much noise after midnight. I got a rubber tube and he took a gallon out of one of the automobile tanks. Drove to town for the laundry and other things. Had one and a half inches of rain last night and for the first time in more than a month the ground was wet.

Wednesday, 7 Sept.: a clear beautiful day. Sister and helpers digging roses. Drove to town with the truck and brought out a new kitchen cabinet which Amy Mine and I unpacked and set up. Two ladies from Germantown were out to see the place.

Thursday, 8 Sept.: clear and cool. Went after the mail and read until noon. Took wife to town, had luncheon at Snyder's, and did some shopping. After supper Otis and Walker came out. Otis wanted to consult me about getting a divorce from Ethel. They were again living together and so far as I could learn were giving each other no ground for divorce. There had been infidelity, but that had been confined by their living together again. Neither had any money with which to pay the expenses of a divorce. Naturally, I counselled conciliation and patience, and if that was not efficacious, then a period of watchful waiting and collection of evidence that would be convincing in court.

Friday, 9 Sept.: clear and pleasant. Reading until noon. Mrs. Harnsey and another lady came out just at luncheon time and kept me talking for quite awhile. I felt a little peevish because the Harnseys always seemed to time their visits to coincide with my

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E--4648

meal time, never telephoning in advance; nor would they join us at the table, but liked to stay outside and talk indefinitely. This made it difficult to be polite and courteous while realizing that the food was getting cold and wife was waiting inside. We went to town in the afternoon, wife to do some shopping and I to get the laundry and read^a in the car until she was through.

Saturday, 10 Sept.; a clear beautiful day. Sister came up for flowers for the hotel (I had turned the hotel business over to her), and Lewis took down the last of the peony roots to be transplanted. I went to town for a new bed we had purchased. We liked the bed, but the springs that came with it did not fit.

Sunday, 11 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Awakened in the morning by strange dogs on the lawn. I shot at them and they scampered away. Picked flowers for the vases and did some writing. Wife and I walked to the mail box and back through the pine woods and over Observatory Hill in the evening.

Monday, 12 Sept.; clear and hot. Lewis plowed and sowed wheat^a on the ground from which peony roots had been removed. I drove in the truck with wife to Baltimore and went to Montgomery & Ward's establishment. We looked about, had luncheon, exchanged the bed springs that did not fit the bed they had shipped, and bought several articles. The truck ran beautifully, but the brakes were defective, which gave me considerable trouble in the city. We had a hot ride back facing the sun. Wife got a good supper together. We were both very tired.

Tuesday, 13 Sept.; a lovely warm day. Mr. Hankey was out to look over the radios. Sister came up for some flowers. She looked worn and worried, which caused me uneasiness although I said nothing about it. She had worked for months like a man, in addition to the house work; then came the extraordinary work of packing and moving

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E--4649

unpacking and setting up housekeeping again; Winworth showed the lack of constant attention because of her residence and work at Sunny Hill; and there was the question of income to worry her. Her only money income was what little she could sell from Winworth, which was very little, and mother's contribution to living expenses, and mother had no conception of what it really cost and thought she was being overcharged, when in ~~fact~~^{fact} her entire income would have been insufficient anywhere else. But sister ^awas brave, a ^aquality she inherited from father, and never a word of complaint fell from her lips. By actions rather than words I tried to make her feel that I understood and so far as I could I ~~w~~ would ~~be~~ help.

After luncheon I had a nap and did some writing. Wife was tired from her truck trip to Baltimore yesterday. Anyhow, she was a good sport to have made the trip. Not many ladies would consent to ride in a truck to a large city on a shopping trip, but wife took it as an adventure.

Wednesday, 14 Sept.; a clear pleasant day. Went to town ~~for~~ for various things and stopped to see mother and sister on the way back. Lola McKenzie who was working for sister cut her hand badly on a broken bottle. At Sunny Hill I did some repairing about the house.

Thursday, 15 Sept.; another pleasant day. Had a letter asking me to address the Art Club in Frederick. In the afternoon I took wife to town and spent two or three hours shopping. She seemed to be in good humor and enjoying herself.

Friday, 16 Sept.; a lovely day. Got the mail and read the papers until noon. After a nap did ~~some~~ some writing. Took wife to town for groceries. After supper more ~~w~~ writing.

Saturday, 17 Sep.; another lovely day. After luncheon and a nap did some writing. Also mowed some lawns.

Sunday, 18 Sept.; cool and dry. Visited ~~for~~ mother and sister at

(1932, Sept. S.H.)

E--4650

Winworth. Eunice and Charlie were there also. When I got back Mr. Price and Thelma and the baby with Otis drove up. Had luncheon. Otis took a long nap and I had Mr. Price over at the Whippoorwill with me. The young folks left at 9.30 p.m. to return to Washington. Rather tired from the strain of sitting and talking for so many hours about matters of little interest to me. I am more and more confirmed in the belief that the only place one who wishes to read and write or have time to think is one or two rooms in a hotel or apartment house where people do not expect to be entertained.

Monday, 19 Sept.; pleasant day, but very dry. Drove to town for various things. Feeling badly and went without luncheon. Having trouble with one of my ~~three~~ four remaining teeth.

Tuesday, 20 Sept.; clear and hot. The Potomac Edison people brought out the new electric range. Also a van all the way from Washington delivered a cheap bed we had purchased for the Cricket House. The manager of the hotel was out for some flowers and I ^{at} waited on him.

Wednesday, 21 Sept.; cloudy and warm. Had neuralgic pains all day.

Thursday, 22 Sept.; cloudy and warm. Slept twelve hours and felt better for it. Took wife to town for groceries. Afternoon a young lady demonstrator came out to show wife how to manage the electric range. I followed our bobtailed cat in the evening and found she had hidden her newborn kittens in the storeroom. Finished reading Mitchell's "Ancient Geography."

Friday, 23 Sept.; clear and hot. Had trouble with an aching tooth during the night. Sister Nellie brought four ~~men~~ men up for Eunice's piano. It had to be hauled in the wagon because it was too large to go in the covered truck. I drove the truck down with two loads of household goods. Succeeded in ^a taking a nap in the afternoon.

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E--4651

Saturday, 24 Sept.; clear and cool. Lost sleep on account of ~~a~~^{an} aching tooth. In the forenoon I went to town and had the tooth extracted. Very nervous after the operation and unable to rest or write. Thankful only three teeth left to trouble me.

Sunday, 25 Sept.; clear and cool. Took the typewriter in the pickup to sister at Winworth. On the way back, after crossing a deep depression or "Thank-you-maam" in the road, one of the wheels locked and dragged all the way to the garage. In the afternoon wife and I walked down to the spring and back by way of the lower place. The tenant had run an electric light down to the spring where they got their drinking water, repaired the entrance drive, and had moved an outhouse to the lower end of the garden.

Monday, 26 Sept.; clear and cool. After breakfast had a man out from the Ideal Garage to fix the brakero~~d~~ of the pickup that was bent and had caught on a projecting bolt. In the afternoon took wife to town for some shopping.

Tuesday, 27 Sept.; cloudy and cold forenoon, rain at night. Took wife to town and while the pickup was being checked up and serviced we went to a picture show. Still suffering from a sore jaw.

Wednesday, 28 Sept.; clear and cold. Took the truck to town to have its brakes fixed. Came back with sister. Had four tons of coal delivered. ~~Had~~ Had Mr. and Mrs. ^Kline crushing grapes for wine. In the afternoon took the small radio I had purchased from Sears Roebuck to town and left it with Mr. Hankey to repair. Wife and I then went to see a Will Rogers picture show. The man from the garage came out after we returned for the bird dog, Susanne, which we were glad to get rid of. Although Susanne was a beautiful dog and took on some flesh we never succeeded in ~~s~~ satisfying her abnormal and ^{insatiable} ~~inexhaustible~~ appetite.

Thursday, 29 Sept.; a lovely day. Took wife in pickup to

(1932, Oct. S.H.)

E--4652

Washington. We went to Emma's place and got her sewing machine, a trunk, and other things. We stopped at Mary Ladd's for awhile. We reached home shortly after 5 p.m.

The mother cat was clearly unwell. We got her four kittens and put them in the cellar and let the mother cat stay in the house. Having trouble with lower dental plate since one of the remaining teet was extracted because it no longer fit. and caused ~~much~~ ^d much ~~pain~~ pain.

Friday, 30 Sept.; clear and cool. The ^C Klines all day picking and crushing grapes for wine.

All night the mother cat was in great pain and from time to time would cry out. We could think of nothing to relieve her. She died this morning after an agonized cry. I took the poor remains out to the woods and burried them. This left us with four kittens so young and helpless that their eyes were not yet open. I wished to dispose of them but wife would not consent and from that time on she was busy trying to feed them. I would not shock my wife's feelings by putting them out of their misery because I thought they would die anyway. Elizabeth and her husband were up to see about apples. Sister Nellie was up to ~~say~~ say that she was thinking about taking the offer I had made to Lewis, namely, operating Sunny Hill for half the proceeds.

Saturday, 1 Oct.; a lovely day. The ^C Klines finik^{he} picking and crushing the grapes. I had five tubs and two jars full of mash. Went to town with wife for groceries. Suffering from neuralgia. I removed the plate, took an aspirin tabl^{et}, and then had a nap. Several people were out from Fræderick for flowers and wife waited on them. They were very curious to know who she was and what had become of Sister Nellie whom they all knew.

Sunday, 2 Oct.; another lovely day. Visited mother and sister

(1932, Oct. 1/2 &.)

E--4653

at Winworth, Mother had been quite ill from overeating. Eunice and Charlie were there. Mr. Price brought Thelma and the baby out. We had a nice dinner at 2 p.m. When I went after the mule in the narcissus pasture she was nowhere to be seen, so I left the bars down, thinking she would come up of her own accord and go to the barn. Later she came galloping up through the orchard, across the lawn, and on towards the entrance gate, which was open. I ran down behind a stone fence, thinking I could get by the mule without being observed and close the gate, but she caught sight of me and galloped through it. I went back for the pickup and followed her down the road as far as the Biser place where she turned into the woods. Emory ^C Kline came down and caught her. Wife having trouble trying to feed the four little blind kittens, but would not listen to my suggestion to put them away.

Monday, 3 Oct.; a lovely day. Had Emory painting the garage roof. Elizabeth and family picking apples. There are only a few this year and are very inferior. Catherine Masser spent the afternoon with wife. I drove to town for groceries and supplies. After my return Sister Nellie and Eunice came up. It was the first meeting of wife and Eunice since our separation in Washington, and was rather awkward for both of them. After they left Elizabeth came to the Whippoorwill door to ask about the apples in the narcissus patch. ~~She stepped inside for a moment and asked if I still wanted a picture of her. I said I did. Then she threw her arms about my neck. We kissed each other and I held her voluptuous form in my arms. Her husband and a son were outside so she had to cut her visit short.~~ Wife let Sandy into the house at supper time and he bowed and scraped in a very apologetic manner until I put him out.

Tuesday 4 Oct.; foggy, moist and balmy. Spent the forenoon reading the papers. Sister and Elizabeth came up for some feverfew

(1932, Oct. S.H.)

E--4654

plants. I mowed some weeds and took a nap in the attic of the Whippoorwill where I could ~~he~~ hear some raindrops on the shingles. ~~Wife~~ Wife putting up curtains in the Crickethouse.

Wednesday, 5 Oct.; raining last night. ~~Read~~ Read until noon and then walked down to Clifton to take the trolley. It was the first time I had been over the road for many years. Met a man in the woods who called my name in friendly fashion but I did not remember him. Near where we met I saw the first and only small chestnut tree with burs on it since the blight killed all the chestnuts in this region. The small place near Rock Creek had ~~had~~ been fixed up and the land terraced and set with raspberry plants. A young man was cleaning up a fence row along the roadside. I rode into Frederick on the trolley car and back in the truck. I stopped to see mother on the way out. She showed the effects of her illness. Sister came up with me to take a look at the wine mash and walked back. Later she telephoned that Sandy had followed her to Winworth, so I went after him with the pickup. Returned just before a storm broke that lasted all night. It looked as if the three-year drouth might be broken.

Thursday, 6 Oct.; showers following rain last night. I found a small stream of water, as from a spring, flowing into the cellar and had to bail out several barrels. I made a washstand out of a pine box for the Whippoorwill attic. Writing notes on Australia in 1927. The colors in the sky and valley were very beautiful. Wife seeming to enjoy herself.

Friday, 7 Oct.; clear and cold. Started the fires. Took the sedan in to be checked and serviced and while this was being done wife and I went to a picture show. Brought out the laundry and groceries. Writing in the evening.

Saturday, 8 Oct.; a lovely day. Rebuilt the fire in the furnace

(1932, Oct. S.H.)

E--4655

and then went back to bed until the house should be warm. Had breakfast at ten o'clock. Sister came up for some potatoes and I took her back. She expressed a wish for some of the little evergreen trees and I told her to help herself. Mother not looking well and she seemed to think I should spend more time at Winworth with her. Wife cleaned house, expecting Mrs. Hershey out in the afternoon. She did not come until 6 p.m. after wife had changed her clothes and was getting supper. Mrs. Hershey had conceived the idea that she wanted to rent a room from us and cook her own breakfast in our kitchen. She said she would like to rent the little Cricket House, but wife would not consider it. At luncheon I had suggested that we might rent the whole of Sunny Hill and she and I occupy the Cricket House, but she said she wanted to think it over. The daughter of Dr. Jones telephoned from Washington asking us as a special favor to take supper with them the next day in honor of her father's birthday. Neither wife nor I wanted to go but did not feel like refusing.

Sunday, 9 Oct.; a lovely day. Otis came out and slept in the Cricket House over night. Wife cooked enough breakfast and things for a whole family. In the forenoon I visited mother and sister at Winworth. Mother had bought a new radio outfit and the family were happy over it. At 3 p.m. wife and I left for Washington. After considerable trouble we found the right apartment house and the family seemed much pleased to have us with them. A nice supper was served in very cramped quarters. It was 9 o'clock when we got away and we were very tired on reaching home. I was greatly bothered by the lights in town and on the country roads.

Monday, 10 Oct.; another lovely day. Sister and Elizabeth looked after the wine mash and dug gladiolus bulbs. Wife told me that yesterday she left the electric current turned on in the cooking range and the things she left cooking for Otis were burned to a crisp.

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E--4656

Perhaps this was fortunate for Otis because enough food had been prepared for his consumption to supply a family and he might have hurt himself eating. Wife said she thought of that burning oven all the way to Washington and back but said nothing about it. After a nap I did some writing. The foliage beginning to show autumn colors.

Tuesday, 11 Oct.; clear and cold with strong wind. Went to the dentist in town. ^aHad the fires going. Frederick fair opened.

Wednesday, 12 Oct.; clear^a and cold. Went to town with wife for groceries. Valley very beautiful as seen from Sunny Hill, the newly sown wheat beginning to show a shade of fresh green, long rows of corn shocks like so many wigwams, and clouds and shadows moving slowly across the landscape. The trees ~~by~~ beginning to show bright colors.

Thursday, 13 Oct.; cloudy, showers, and cold. Wife hinting at some scheme she has in mind but will not tell me about it and I am wholly in the dark.

Friday, 14 Oct.; clear and pleasant. Last night the scheme was divulged with considerable formality. Wife brought out a series of correspondence course lessons in candy making and announced that she wanted to make candy and sell it. Her idea was to use the Cricket House basement as a candy factory. She seemed quite confident that she could make a success of it. I refrained from saying anything to discourage her, thinking that it would give her an occupation and something to interest her, although I could not see how it was possible for her to make even small wages ~~at~~ at it.

Saturday, 15 Oct.; pleasant day. Set up the sheet metal ~~is~~ stove in the Whippoorwill. ~~Rep~~ Repaired lock on the Cricket House door and hauled wood to the Whippoorwill. Writing and reading in the evening.

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E--4657

Sunday, 16 Oct.; foggy and showers. Reading Van Loon's Geography, which is especially interesting to one who has seen most of the geography of the world. In the forenoon Emma Burton and her relatives came up from Richmond. They left shortly after noon. Emma looking rather tired. Called on mother and sister in the evening.

Monday, 17 Oct.; raining. Wife discovered a hen with six little chicks, which she transferred to a small shed. Again found water flowing into the cellar and fixed a piece of stove pipe to conduct it into a tub. Writing and reading in the evening.

Tuesday, 18 Oct.; raining. Bailed water out of the cellar and climbed up in the attic trying to find the leak through which water came into the bathroom, but without success. The Texas persimmon tree had been dropping delicious ripe persimmons for more than a week.

Wednesday, 19 Oct.; raining; probably the heaviest rain in three years. Took the laundry to town and did some shopping. Wife was in the Cricket House when I got back and said she did not know when I returned. She rang the bell for luncheon at 2 p.m. to see if I was in the Whippoorwill, although she knew I had returned by the pile of groceries I had placed on the table. She was very huffy and unreasonable for some time and for some unknown reason. I proposed that thereafter we omit the luncheon because it came at such irregular hours, to which she agreed.

Thursday, 20 Oct.; clearing afternoon. Writing notes on India and Aden.

Friday, 21 Oct.; a lovely clear day. Took wife to town for groceries, we had luncheon at Snyder's, and I read in the car while she went shopping. While we were in town Mr. and Mrs. Bauer of Washington were out and left their card.

Saturday, 22 Oct.; a lovely day. Autumn foliage beautiful.

(1932, Oct. S.H.)

E--4658

In the afternoon wife and I drove to town for the laundry and groceries, and when we got back I mowed some of the lawns.

Sunday, 23 Oct.; cloudy and cold. Visited the folks at Winworth at noon. After dark Mr. Sheets and wife came up with the rent for the lower place. She appeared to be in bad humor. They said they had picked some of the apples.

Monday, 24 Oct.; cloudy and threatening showers. Had Emory get out some locust ~~pl~~ posts while I drove the truck to Middletown for material for the frame and roof of a small school shelter at the lower place. In the afternoon the ~~brk~~ brakero~~d~~ of the pickup was badly bent at the same place in the road as before and I had to drive it to a garage in town to be straightened.

Tuesday, 25 Oct.; foggy. Elizabeth and husband up for apples. Transferred about thirty gallons of wine to the attic of the Whip-poorwill. Reading and writing letters. Saw the first snowbirds.

Wednesday, 26 Oct.; rain 1st night and foggy. Wife and I went ~~to town~~ to town for groceries. Drafting notes on Egypt for talk before Art Club.

Thursday, 27 Oct.; a beautiful day. Wife and I drove to Washington, had luncheon at a restaurant, got some things from Emma's attic, and arranged with a Mr. McCubben to upholster some furniture. On the way out we stopped for Thelma and the baby.

Friday, 28 Oct.; a lovely day. Emory and I finished the school shed. Thelma had been suffering from toothache and was very thin and pale.

Saturday, 29 Oct.; cloudy, windy, but pleasant. Wife and I went to town for groceries and things. Brought some apples up from Lower Sunny Hill. Did some odd jobs.

Sunday, 30 Oct.; clear and cool. Had a telephone message from George Melling, wife's nephew, saying he and family were on their

(1932, Oct. S.H.)

E--4659

way out and were at a church in Frederick. I went in to serve as a ~~gi~~ guide. After we reached Sunny Hill Otis and Ethel also came out, and a little later Mr. Price. George and his wife had their seven daughters with them. All together we made fifteen persons at the dinner table which was w about the limit of our resources. In the afternoon Dr. Jones and his family came out from Washington.

Monday, 31 Oct.; clear and pleasant. Wife and I spent the forenoon in Frederick shopping. Returning I found the rent check in the mail box.

Tuesday, 1 Nov.; clear and cold, following rain in the night. All tanks and cisterns full. In the afternoon I drove with wife over the ridge to Mrs. Gladhill's to pay for some vegetables.

Wednesday, 2 Nov.; clear and cold. Took wife to town on a shopping trip and had luncheon at Snyder's. Back at 3 p.m. Took an old refrigerator in the pickup down to Lewis's house.

Thursday, 3 Nov.; clear and cold. Wife and I walked to the mail box and back through the woods. The leaves were falling fast and the laurel leaves were glistening. Took mother with me into Frederick at 7.30 p.m. and gave an address on Egypt before the Art Club at the house of Mrs. Delaplaine. The parlors were full of women and they seemed pleased with my talk. It was after 11 p.m. when I reached home.

Friday, 4 Nov.; clear and pleasant. Had a telephone message that Mrs. Ola ~~Wax~~ Weaver would be out about noon so wife and I set the place in order. We waited from noon until 3 p.m. for them. There was Ola, two sisters, an adopted daughter, and her two children, boy and a girl, and a little badly spoiled boy of five. The women talked and the children took up with me. I drove to town for bread and other supplies and after my return the children ~~c~~^ame over to the Whippoorwill and stayed with me for several hours. The two older

children were well behaved, but the young boy was badly spoiled and had never been taught to mind. He was ~~an~~ a perfect little nuisance. I showed them the many interesting things in my study, played some phonograph records for them, and then took them into the Cubby Hole to explain certain things to the two older children. The little nuisance crawled into my lap and began to finger things on the desk. At my side ~~was~~ was some shorthand manuscript that represented both time and work and if destroyed could not well be replaced. He started to tear the top sheet and I stopped him by catching and holding his hand and then I explained why he must leave papers on the desk alone. The moment I released his hand it stole over and caught the sheet again. Again I caught his hand. This time I told him firmly that he must not, and if he did I would slap him. Almost instantly he reached for the manuscript and this time I slapped his little hand with a sharp blow. He did not make an outcry but was filled with rage, slipped out of my lap, ran into the other room, and was trying to open the door so that he could run to his mother with his tale of woe when I caught him and held him forcibly in my lap. I told him that he was with me now and would have to behave and could not go to his mother until we were all ^{ready} ~~ready~~ to go. Then he began to squirm, struggle and squall. I promptly turned him bottom up ~~on~~ across my lap as I had seen mothers do with ~~a~~ crying babies. It was most effective because he found that lying on his stomach across my knee he could not cry and shriek. The two elder children watched me with fascinated eyes until I explained to them that this little boy did not know how to behave, that the little fellow was not to blame, because his mother did not have sense enough to make him mind, and that was why I had to make him mind when he was with me. Then I took the children over to the house where their mothers

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were still talking, utterly indifferent to the fact^c that their children had^b been away for more than an hour. The little nuisance was much subdued. He ran to his mother and laid his head in her lap, his face was very red, but he said nothing while I was present. His mother was a lackadaisical creature who could spawn infants because that required no intelligence or volition on her part, but it was clear that she had no feeling of responsibility for them after they were weaned. It was a relief when this party left. I gave the women each a large bouquet of flowers.

Saturday, 5 Nov.; cloudy and warm. Took wife to town in the afternoon for laundry and groceries. Felt tired ~~X~~ all day, ~~y~~ probably the result of the strain of looking after those children the day before.

✓
(Lubin, 5 Nov., brown folder)

5 November 1932.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Yes, I have seen a copy of the inclosed clipping with your letter of October 28. The statements therein are correct.

"The grant of \$50,000 by the International Education Board for the World Agricultural Census Project of 1930 was strictly and specifically limited to the necessary preliminary work of organizing the census and, strange as it may seem, no provision whatever was made for either the preparation or the publication of the results of the census when taken. I called attention to this omission from time to time, especially at the General Assembly meeting of 1928, as did Mr. Thompson, British Delegate, and the Assembly directed the Institute to appeal to the International Education Board for an additional grant of funds to analyze, summarize, and publish the results of the census, as well as the laws, regulations and methods, difficulties, successes and failures relating to the census in the different countries, in order to lay the foundation for future decennial agricultural censuses throughout the world. Accordingly, before I left, I drew up a detailed program for handling the census material and drafted a letter for signature of the Secretary General to the International Education Board, although I ~~felt~~ felt at the time that an appeal to the Board or to the U.S. Government was a futile gesture because of the opposition of the American Delegate growing out of his personal controversy with President DeMichaelis. It was futile, because the Board promptly and curtly declined, although about that time it did grant funds to duplicate a part of the work already done in connection with the census project, namely, to make a study of the statistical organization in different countries, under the direction of Dr. Black--which was unnecessary in the first place, and in the second place was fragmentary, incomplete and limited to a few countries, whereas the census project was

world wide and contemplated a study not only of the results of the census itself but of laws, organization, methods, and special difficulties due to character of country, crops, and people in every country.

"It is tragical that the personal bias of the American Delegate, because of his controversy with the officials of the Institute, plus his ignorance due to lack of practical experience in administration, and because of the key position that he occupied with respect to America, should have led to the withdrawal of financial (except treaty obligation that could not be avoided) and moral support and cooperation of the U.S. Government and of the International Education Board. The American Delegate, because of his bumptious aggressiveness and lack of practical experience, was in hot water throughout his period of service, suffered many humiliating reverses, was sore as a boil and conducted a systematic campaign of propaganda adverse to the Institute. This propaganda was embodied in his official reports to the State Department, the Department of Agriculture, the International Education Board--especially through Dr. Hutchinson and Dr. Mann--professors of economics, and in conversation with influential Americans and British generally. The result was that they saw the Institute as he saw it, through biased and prejudiced eyes without consideration of practical conditions.

"Why were his biased views so generally accepted? Because the Institute, like all other governmental organizations, was susceptible of improvement; because he was an American, a technical economist who spoke the language of economics, and had a wide, cultivated acquaintance among professorial economists; but mainly because he was an American, which meant that every American official would rally to his support in any controversy with Dagoes, right or wrong; and because of the respect and prestige with which any American technician is regarded by Europeans

and representative men of other countries. Why do I mention all this? Simply because after I finished my work for the Institute and returned to the United States, in talking with Dr. Hutchinson, representative of the International Education Board, and with officials in the State and Agricultural Departments, I found they reflected the views of the American Delegate, used many of his expressions, and were thoroughly imbued with his biased ideas and prejudiced views regarding the Institute and its personnel. I could understand this because the American Delegate was their only source of information, and I alone perhaps was the only person who understood his personal bias and was familiar with the history and personnel of the Institute and his connection with it. We were personal friends and dined together day after day for years and discussed intimately his ~~po~~ problems and those of the Institute.

"I was in fairly complete sympathy with him until the General Assembly of 1928 when the so-called American program--Hobson's program--was adopted in toto by the General Assembly, and the officials of the Institute, in chastened mood, promised to carry it out in letter and spirit. Then, it seemed to me, was the time for the American government to rally to the support of the Institute, to cooperate in making the program effective, and to ~~play~~ the game--as the British Delegates proposed to do and have done. But no, Hobson's personal rancor was too strong; he continued, like a spoiled child in a tantrum, to oppose, oppose, no matter what, his whole psychology being one of violent opposition. And just because he is an American and his biased reports as the American Delegate are on file in both the State and Agricultural Departments, and with the International Education Board, and because the officials have no other source of official information they are extremely prejudiced against the Institute and ~~ask~~ against any individual who has the temerity to question the integrity and accuracy of the reports, as I do not hesitate to do.

"Well, what's the practical solution? If the present Administration continues, there is no hope for modification of views. If there is a change of Administration, which seems highly probable, there is hope for better treatment of the Institute at the hands of the Government, limited by the necessity of economy in expenditures--but at any rate hope for a fair hearing. If this fair hearing can be had, then in the slow course of time the officials at Washington may be awakened to the opportunity to advance the cause of economic and statistical information on a world wide scale with a very considerable showing of official economy in dollars and cents. Just a hint as to how this can be done. Simply combine the Consular and Commercial Attache services--both have legal authority to duplicate each other's work and it has caused all kinds of friction and confusion--eliminate one-third the personnel, and abolish the Foreign Service of the Department of Agriculture, because such a service can be performed equally well by the Consular and Service/much better and at less cost by the International Institute of Agriculture. Then apply a fraction of the amount thus saved to the support of the Institute and maintain at the Institute a good American representative with a suspicion of diplomacy and common sense in his makeup to play the game, not as a spoiled child ~~by~~ but as a sensible man, and for God's sake not a Phd., which disqualifies any man from dealing with practical problems of humanity, to make the Institute as efficient as any public institution can be within human and national limitations. All this can be done at a substantial financial saving to the United States and general benefit to all nations, and far more efficiently.

"In a previous paragraph I suggested the possibility of a change of Administration, at this writing a probability, as hopeful for the Institute, from which you might infer that my sympathies are with the Democrats. As a matter of fact I am a hereditary Republican and all

my relatives belong to that party, but because I grew up in Texas, was for nearly forty years a nonpartisan citizen of the District of Columbia, and for seven years lived abroad, I cannot feel any enthusiasm for any particular political party or their methods. As between a Republican and a Democratic Administration--and I have served through several of both--there is no perceptible difference; each starts out with a commendable reform and then relapses into a routine that fails to respond to changing conditions, and when that stage arrives it's time for a change in administration, which is why I favor a change now, and incidentally a more favorable attitude toward the Institute, which is hopeless so long as the present administration remains in power.

"Aside from governmental support of the Institute the best hope for the World Agricultural Census is through private contributions. Thirty thousand dollars would do the job, i.e., \$10,000 a year for three years. This would be sufficient to employ a competent director and assistants, pay for publication, and lay the foundation for future regular, adequate, successive decennial censuses of incalculable benefit to mankind, especially to the fundamental industries of agriculture and commerce.

"Without such provision of funds, approximately \$75,000 of expenditure by the International Education Board, the International Institute of Agriculture, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and five years of my life at considerable financial sacrifice, will have gone for naught, and the cause of uniform, periodical statistical and economic data will be set back indefinitely. And such data are unquestionably of fundamental importance to economic progress, not only of U.S.A. but of all other nations and peoples.

"Please excuse this long screed, but I think you will understand. Please understand also that my service with the ^{International} Institute of Agriculture

, while agreeable, was a serious personal and financial sacrifice on my part; that I am absolutely independent in my modest mountain retreat; that I am profoundly disillusioned by human shortsightedness and stupidity; that I am extremely occupied with private enjoyments and interests and resent intrusion and interruption from whatever source, but nevertheless there is an inexplicable urge to be of service to fellow men--which is why I take the time to write to the few whom I feel will understand. You are one of those few. I gave five years of my life to the ~~po~~ promotion of the World Census Project, because I believed and still believe that it would promote world prosperity. It is almost tragic that for want of ordinary provision and funds the results of that census cannot be adequately prepared and published; and it is most unfortunate that a personal controversy between the former American Delegate and officials of the Institute should have made it difficult to obtain necessary funds for the completion of the census project, which was in no way involved in that controversy.

"With best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
Bureau of Commerce,
State Building,
San Francisco, California.

10 November 1932.

"Dear Mrs. Sauter:

"I was pleased yesterday to receive your welcome letter of October 29 and to know that you had visited England and Germany again, and more than pleased to know that time has reconciled your family to your marriage with the lovable 'German Professor.' This is as it should be and I am sure that it will contribute to the peace of mind and happiness of all concerned. I can speak from experience because my wife, after an absence of sixteen months for reasons that seemed good only to herself, has rejoined me and we are li~~x~~^ving v very happily together. Both the adopted children are married and responsibility has sobered them into fairly decent young people. Both are frequent visitors at Sunny Hill. Thelma has a baby boy of two years who is pretty, bright, engaging and, so far, not too badly spoiled.

"Our unprecedented drouth that began in August, 1929, was broken last month, after causing three crop failures and killing large numbers of forest trees and shrubs. To limit losses I cut down expenses drastically last July and just let the hardy, enterprising weeds grow, knowing that Jack Frost would lay them low this winter. Nevertheless we did have many wonderful displays of flowers and many visitors out to see them. The visitors, considerable correspondence, the radio, the newspapers and other periodicals and new books keep me entertained. Wife and I also keep busy looking after the houses and gardens, besides the domestic animals that are always interesting, including four little bobtailed kittens that she raised by hand after their mother died. They are now as active as little sprites and very interesting. You should see them scamper to wifey when she whistles as a signal that their food is ready.

"Most of all we enjoy the great out-of-doors, the ever-changing sky, valley, mountains, and vegetation, and the glimpses we have of the life about us. Wedged in between the multifarious interests that occupy my time and attention I am plugging away at ^{the account of my} travels. It is slow work and all in shorthand, is voluminous and I shudder at the drudgery of typing it and revising and condensing. However, it is an interesting occupation. This, and frequent travel talks before all sorts of clubs, keeps my store of mental pictures and recollections from fading.

"And so, my friend, I have given you a glimpse of my present life in exchange for yours and to keep friendship alive, which after all is one of our greatest blessings. I am delighted to know that you are reconciled to your family and my wish is that your future may be bright and happy. Please give Mr. Sauter my best regards and best wishes and tell him I drink a glass of wine, made from my own ~~grd~~ grapes and very similar to Marsala, to his health, prosperity, and happiness.

"With best wishes to you both, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Mrs. George Sauter,
Poste Restante,
Cologne, Germany.

(1932, Nov. S.H.)

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Friday--missing.

Saturday, 12 Nov.; clear and cold, with film of ice and snowflakes. Telephone from sister saying that Maude, my remaining horse, was ill. The veterinarian said she would probably have to be killed. Took wife to town and on the way back stopped at Winworth and found that Maude had been shot. Wife shopping in Frederick about two hours. Rather trying to wait so long in the cold.

Sunday, 13 Nov.; clear and cold. Spent an hour at Winworth with mother and sister. When I returned I found Otis and a young man who worked at the same place he did. They remained for supper and left about 8 o'clock. My ^{day} ~~dog~~ was spoiled, but I felt that Otis and his friend had enjoyed their visit.

Monday, 14 Nov.; clear and cold. During the day took the sedan and the pickup into town to be checked up and serviced. Had an argument with wife about farm relief ^{eff} because ^e of her contention that all farmers had two or three automobiles and could not be in need of relief of any kind.

Tuesday, 15 Nov.; a gloriously bright day. Took wife to Washington where she visited old Mrs. Trego at Stoneleigh Court. I went to the Cosmos Club. Met Mr. Haskell and Sr. Dolores. Went to Farm Hands Club luncheon. There I met Messrs. Marquis, Loomis, Reynolds, Dr. H. C. Taylor, Gray Silver, Chester Gray, Mr. Lowell, Dr. Stine, Dr. Sheppard, president of the North Dakota College, Mr. Ladd, dean of Cornell, Mr. Bliss of the Iowa University, and half a dozen others. Mr. Sheppard described the method of referendum by which laws are tried ~~and~~ and abolished, Mr. Lowell gave a humorous account of his political campaign and defeat ^a in New York, and there were other addresses. After the luncheon I went to a typewriter repair shop on 10th Street and got the old Remington that wife had left there many months ago.

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I had bought it as a rebuilt machine in 1903, given it hard usage for six months in my reporting office, and it had seen more or less service ever since, and it was still good for many years to come.

We reached Sunny Hill just before dusk. I enjoyed walking about the familiar scenes of Washington and if it were not for Sunny Hill would enjoy living there. Dr. H. C. Taylor came out from the luncheon and said he wanted to have a heart to heart talk with me. I invited him to come out to Sunny Hill and he promised definitely to come the next week, as he had to go to New York first.

Wednesday, 16 Nov.; a lovely day. All flowers killed by frost except the chrysanthemums. The berries of ^S Solomon's seal and Jack-in-the-pulpit were a translucent red. Took some wine from the tubs after the dregs had settled and had more than forty gallons.

Thursday, 17 Nov.; threatening rain. Wife and I drove to Washington in the truck, had luncheon at a restaurant, and brought out a sofa and some chairs that Mr. McCubben had upholstered. We were much interested in his workshop and the furniture he had made for his house. We also went to Emma's house and got some dishes and other things. We reached home shortly after 4 p.m. Had a letter from Mr. Hodgson, former librarian at the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome, asking for a testimonial to help him find employment. He said he had done some editorial work in Chicago.

Friday, 18 Nov.; cloudy and cold. Went to town for groceries. Wife and I had dinner with mother and sister. It was the first time that mother and wife had met for nearly two years and was rather embarrassing for both.

(Hodgson, 18 Nov., brown folder.)

(Note:- letters of 29 Dec. out of place.)

18 November 1932.

"Mr. James C. Hodgson,
5523 Kenmore Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Hodgson:

"Holy Moses--a letter from you just came, and I had been wondering what your subsequent fate had been. Of course I will help if the Gugenheim interests write me.

"How about la Signora with literary aspirations, et il bambino?

"As for me, when I returned from a highly successful mission that brought much commendation, with the degree of 'Chef du service honoraire' from the Permanent Committee of the Institute, I met with a rather cool reception in my old Bureau of Agricultural Economics--personnel and point of view had changed during my long absence--and so I went over to the Secretary's Office and was immediately given an appointment for a year--the limit under civil service law--as Assistant to the Director of Scientific Work, my old friend Dr. A. F. Woods, and was assigned to the job of organizing the First Inter American Conference on Agriculture, which kept me busy during 1930 and was a success. At the beginning of 1931 I retired from the public service and came up here to my mountain retreat. Financially, because of a three years continuous drouth and unprecedented depression of farm prices, ^{it} is not a success, but in dividends of human satisfaction it is a huge success. With a moderate independent income, a home fitted with all modern conveniences, overlooking a superb landscape, and surrounded with flowers, books, friends, with good mail service, daily papers and magazines, music and news over the radio, calls for travelogues one or more times a month, and as opportunity affords constant employment in writing up my travel notes, I feel that I am fortunately situated. Also, but don't advertise it, my apples and grapes are turned into juice and Nature allowed to take her benign course.

"I get letters from all members of the Casetta family, as well as M.Dore and Miss Broad (Mrs.Sauter), and my former landlady, Sra. Scolari, and people I met in my travels, as well as all current publications of the Institute and the U.S.Department of Agriculture, and the Pan american Union. A year ago this very day I had Signorina Vanzetti to luncheon at the May Flower in Washington, she having telegraphed that she was there with Sr. Grandi. When we met in the lobby she ran up to me, threw her arms about my neck and kissed me with true Italian exuberance, to the interested astonishment of the multitude. She was worn to a frazzle from overwork and confinement and we fixed up a wonderful scheme, i.e., while Grandi et al were stopping in Philadelphia I would bring her out to Sunny Hill for a few days of rest and entertainment--but His Excellency vetoed that arrangement with a big Fascist V, and the poor girl wrote later that practically she had been a prisoner and all she saw of the U.S. was inside of hotels and trains, she not being allowed to even go out on the street.

"A letter last week from Mrs.Sauter (Miss Broad) says that she and her delightful German husband were reconciled with her British parents, that they made the voyage from Genoa to England last summer, spent three months there, and then to Cologne where her husband is putting on an exhibit.

"From time to time I run down to Washington for luncheon with the Farm Hands Club--an informal organization of farm press correspondents, most of whom I know, and lobbyists for the dairy interests, the fertilizer interests, and various other interests dependent on agriculture, and Tuesday of this week ran into Dr.H.C.Taylor, former Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. He's looking for a job, as are many others, and expressed an overwhelming desire to have a heart to heart talk with me. I said 'Sure, come up to Sunny Hill

when convenient,' and I rather look for him out next week.

"Hobson I have not seen since 1930. He has been very disappointing since the General Assembly of 1928, but by the strangest fluke in history--something that could not happen again in a thousand years--he got the inside track with the Federal Farm Board, through A.E. Taylor and Prof. Gay at a time when the Board was floundering and desperate--and thence to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, where he did not last long but stepped into a desirable position because of his background. Frankly and sincerely I like Hobson, but I cannot get over the fact that he is an avowed economist, the most self-complacent tribe of brutes that ever hornswoggled a confiding public, full of statistical ideas and chimerical solutions for the ills of mankind, but devoid of ideals and devoid of sympathy, and therefore devoid of understanding of human psychology, which happens to be the essential factor in human life. In other words, each and every economist is out first, last, and all the time for Number One, spelled with capital letters, regardless of consequences. The only check on their colossal egotism and self-complacency is that, fortunately for a credulous public, they make repeated colossal mistakes, which does not phase them but does check the enthusiasm of their following. I speak feelingly because my work has brought me in contact with many economists and pseudo-economists and their general and characteristic blindness to human psychology, their fatuous self-complacency and condescension, their obsession over certain ideas as panaceas, etc., etc.--and yet they all seem to be working along the right idea of fact-finding, which is fundamentally correct. The mistake they make is in assuming that they are competent to interpret the facts--which they are disqualified from doing by their ignorance of and contempt for human psychology, which results in mass action on the facts which statisticians, economists and other research workers dig up. Enough.

"I wish you all success and like your phrase 'hanging on.' Why?

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pointing since the General Assembly of 1928, but by the strange-
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which results in mass action on the facts which statisticians, econo-

mists and other research workers dig up. Enough.

"I wish you all success and like your phrase 'hanging on.' Why?"

of course things are going to get steadily better--but slowly. With your training, experience, background, ideas and enthusiasm you will be able to cash in very nicely when the time comes. My own experience tells me that every scrap of your experience will be extremely useful to you in the bright future that is as inevitable as a daylight following darkness. So, just keep hanging on and smiling. There are few men who can duplicate your experience.

"If your work should bring you to Washington, just let me know. The latch string at Sunny Hill hangs out for you and other friends. I will run down to Washington, bring you out to stay over night, let you see what Nature did to the grape juice, reminisce and talk things over. I get a great kick out of it with my friends in the Department.

"Well, Hodgson, this is a great old world; great because of its diversity and opportunities, and the fact that while all humans look more or less alike no two of them are exactly alike but are different and react differently. That's what makes love and married life so interesting--the uncertainty, the suspense, and the utter damnfoolishness of it all.

"Remember the T-bone steak in Rome? I'll never forget it. Come on out to Sunny Hill and I'll see that you get one and see that Frederick beats Rome all hollow.

"Well, here's hoping that the Guggenheims see daylight and come across good and proper. Cheer up, A rividerci.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

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Saturday, 19 Nov.; rain, showers, and fog. Had to bail water out of the cellar. Made three trips to mail box for some country sausage ~~we~~ wife had ordered from Mrs. Gladhill which was to have been left for us in the morning but did not come until in the afternoon.

Sunday, 20 Nov.; a clear quiet day. Writing. After noon I drove down to Winworth to visit mother and sister. Wife had fire in the Cricket House, expecting the children out, but they did not come.

Monday, 21 Nov.; cloudy and cold and threatening rain or snow. Emory finished painting the roof of Sunny Hill house. In the afternoon wife and I attended a meeting of the Women's Clubs at the house of a member on South Market Street and I told them about the International Institute of Agriculture. It was after 4 o'clock when we reached home.

Tuesday, 22 Nov.; clear and cold. In the afternoon we saw a Will Rogers' picture play "Too Busy to Work," which was very good. Last night I began reading "Wah Kon Tah", a story of life in the old Indian Territory. I enjoyed reading the description of familiar scenes of my boyhood, such as the prairies, creek bottoms, and black jack groves.

Wednesday, 23 Nov.; clear and cold. Took wife to town to do some shopping. Sister Nellie brought up a Mr. and ^{Miss} Mrs. Connelly, brother and sister, who lived in Frederick County as children, worked in Chicago for most of their lives, and were about to retire and wanted to buy a home in Frederick County.

Thursday, 24 Nov.; clear and cold. Thanksgiving. Mr. Price brought Thelma and baby and Otis out before we were up and they had to return to Frederick, but came back later. Otis said that Ethel had disappeared about a week ago and he did not know where she was. Thelma said Ethel called her on the telephone yesterday but would not say where she was staying. We had a nice Thanksgiving dinner, but I

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was glad when it was over.

Friday, 25 Nov.; clear and mild. Put a copy of the lease of lower place in the mail box of Mr. Sheets as a reminder that his rent was payable in advance. He had not yet paid his rent for November. In the afternoon wife and I drove down to Winworth and took sister and the two Connel^lies into Frederick, the Connel^lies to take a bus for Baltimore. Bought some window plants at Zimmermann's.

Saturday, 26 Nov.; clear and cold. Before breakfast Mr. Sheets came up with his rent. Writing notes on Buenos Aires.

Sunday, 27 Nov.; clear and cold. Forenoon visiting folks at Winworth. The cow had a calf last night and I asked sister to sell her. Writing notes³ on "Farms of Other Countries" for a Grangeⁿ talk. Mr. Price and Thelma were out.

Monday, 28 Nov.; clear and cold. Mr. Price and Thelma left before we were up. Sold the cow and calf for \$37.50. I had paid \$60 for the cow a year before. Went to town to leave applications for auto license ~~tags~~ tags with the secretary of the Automobile Club. It cost \$24 for the three cars.

(Lubin 28 Nov.,[✓] brown folder--out of place, see Dec. 29.

28 November 1932.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have your letter of November 24 with inclosure 'Rational Marketing of California Products.' I check all items of the paper as not open to valid criticism, except Factor I, that orderly marketing presupposes 'control over shipments,' and the supplementary statement that control over production 'would follow effective control over shipping outlets.'

"These last statements are quite logical from a theoretical point of view, but in actual practice, because of the situation of producers with respect to the kind of crops grown or that can be grown by them, with respect to their financial obligations, regulation of production does not usually follow control of shipments. Example, coffee in Brazil, which produces the bulk of the world supply and where for a series of years there was effective State control of shipments, with continued overproduction. Reason for continued overproduction, financial obligations of growers, enormous capital investments, the fact that the life of a coffee tree runs through a period of years, the fact that climate and soil are especially favorable for coffee production, and the further fact that no other crop would pay ^{that} equally well/could be readily substituted. Result--enormous accumulations of coffee in State warehouses and final resort to destruction, which can only mean economic loss.

"I see that in my offhand statement regarding Brazilian control of shipments of coffee in relation to production I have listed several factors, as follows:

"(1) Financial obligations of growers: To meet these obligations requires a definite net revenue which must come from production and as prices decline greater production is required to maintain the net revenue required, unless a more profitable crop of some other kind can be substituted.

"(2) Enormous capital investment: The investment of the individual depends upon the nature of the crop grown, but regardless of crop grown the aggregate investment of all the growers of any crop is large. Every grower is impelled by necessity to seek a return on his investment, which in a time of falling prices means increased production of crops grown, or substitution of more profitable crops, which is often extremely difficult and may involve the sacrifice of a considerable portion of capital investment, a loss which few growers have either the vision or the courage to face voluntarily.

"(3) Annual and perennial crops: An extremely important distinction is often overlooked by economists and business men is that between crops derived from perennial plants, such as orchard trees, vines, alfalfa and other perennial forage and pasture plants, and the annual crop plants, such as the small grains, flax, and in the United States cotton and miscellaneous truck crops. Obviously, a perennial orchard represents a longer period of time and a larger investment than an annual crop, and to clear the ground for a substitute crop (which any control or adjustment of crop production implies) means a sacrifice of capital investment as well as prospective returns thereon during the remaining productive life of the orchard--a primary sacrifice to the grower and a secondary sacrifice to the consuming public. In other words, if crops are to yield maximum returns in terms of production they must be permitted to live through to the end of their productive lives. With annual crop plants this productive life is one growing season; with perennial crops it is several and may be many years. To shorten the life of perennial crop plants that take years to establish means loss of production, although it may mean financial gain--two opposite ideas. Animal production is analagous--horses, mules, and cattle corresponding to the longer period of the perennial crops, and sheep, goats, and pigs, and poultry,

corresponding to the annual crops. In other words, control or adjustment of crop production can and often does follow control of shipping or other marketing conditions in the case of annual plant and animal crops, but such adjustment takes place slowly, rarely if at all, and with much difficulty and financial loss in the case of perennial crops.

"(4) Climatic and soil conditions: As in Brazil where climatic and soil conditions are so favorable for coffee production that no other crop equally profitable can be found or readily substituted, so in various regions of the United States climate and soil are both determining and limiting factors; as in the cotton growing States of the South, corn and hogs in the so-called corn belt States, grain in the States of the northwest, and specialized crops in the Pacific Coast States. When prices cease to be profitable in these regions, what can the producers do in the way of discontinuing or restricting production of the crops for which their soil and climate are especially favorable? In all but the Pacific Coast States their main crops are annual and could be readily changed to substitute crops at the end of any growing season--but lower prices require greater production to meet financial obligations, and any substitute crops not so well adapted to their climate and soil probably could not compete with the same crops grown under more favorable conditions in other regions. The same is true of the Pacific Coast where substitute annual crops can be grown, but to substitute them for perennial crops would involve the sacrifice of long term investments.

"(5) Weather: Climate includes weather, of course, but to me climate means the more or less stable average through a series of years, whereas weather in any particular season or section is extremely variable. It is absolutely beyond human control or longtime prediction and yet it absolutely determines crop production, except only under glass or in

arid regions under irrigation. In other words, crop production is not entirely within the control of the growers because the weather may bring about increased production on a decreased area, and vice versa.

"(6) Organization and equipment: In each distinctive production region of the United States a corresponding organization, equipment, system, and psychology have developed which cannot or do not change readily to meet changed conditions and which contribute to the unprofitableness of attempting to grow something different. Example: Following the bumper cotton crop of 1914 and dislocated market several Southern States, with encouragement from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, preached diversification, with emphasis on corn and hogs. Result--lack of handling, marketing and distributing facilities made the new enterprise a financial disappointment. Precisely the same experience in the Ukrain. And so with innumerable similar experiments in trying to limit production of some one crop in regions especially adapted to it by substituting other crops that can be grown more profitably elsewhere.

"The foregoing is my reaction to the parenthetical statement that 'control over production is of secondary importance, and soon would follow effective control of shipping outlets.' To me this is highly controversial. Your major premise 'A reasonable, unified control over shipments, in relation to quantity and timeliness' is unassailable. Why not let it go at that, i.e., omit the parenthetical statement, or modify it in some such way as this: 'Control over production is important, especially in facilitating control over shipments; and effective control over shipments will unquestionably have an important influence in bringing about necessary adjustments in production.'

"All other propositions in your program have my hearty assent.

"Re your letter of November 18: If you stop off in Washington and let me know in time I shall be glad to meet you and your sister--or, better still, come out on the bus to Frederick and telephone me from the Francis Scott Key Hotel and I will come for you, try to make you comfortable for the night, and see that you connect with the bus the next day. I should like to have you see how a retired government employe manages to live and enjoy himself on a meager cash income, with work, writing, reading, music, correspondence, and 'talks' to local organizations, all of which keep a would-be recluse extremely busy--which is an important factor in human happiness--along with a keen appreciation of the ever-changing beauties of nature.

"Among recent 'talks' I gave one last week before a meeting of the Federated Women's Clubs of Frederick County on 'The Founders of the International Institute of Agriculture,' David Lubin, Sra. Agresti, and the King of Italy, which aroused enthusiasm because it dealt with interesting personalities rather than with an institution which to them would only be an abstraction--but the abstraction will be remembered because of the personalities associated with it.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
C/o Harvard Club,
New York, N.Y.

(1932, Nov. S.H.)

E--4667

Tuesday, 29 Nov.; clear and pleasant. Hauled wood from pile to Whippoorwill in the pickup. Fixed a latch on the window above and back of my desk to hold it tightly closed so as to keep out the cold. Had an invitation to attend the local Farm Bureau and discuss taxes in the evening but decided it would be a waste of time. The four kittens have survived and are very amusing. Also twelve guineas.

Wednesday, 30 Nov.; clear and pleasant. Working on an address for the Grange. Last evening finished the last of the 1931 wine.

Thursday, 1 Dec.; fair and mild. Sammie Klipp called with a large black horse, old and in poor condition, which he wanted to sell for \$75. Catherine Masser spent the afternoon with wife.

Friday, 2 Dec.; fair and mild. The electric current was off all day and we had trouble cooking on a small oil stove. Melted off the handle and discolored the coffee pot. Wife and I went to town for groceries and to see the proof of a cover design for candy boxes. It was a reproduction of a photograph of the Cricket House in a snowstorm. We had luncheon at Snyder's. I worked awhile on the talk for the Grange meeting.

Saturday, 3 Dec.; a clear, bright day. At noon we drove to New ~~York~~ Market and reached the Grange hall at 12.40 p.m. and found the building full of people eating luncheon. We were conducted up front and gradually got instalments of something to eat. It was a Pomona Grange meeting of the county made up of representatives of local granges. Everything moved off slowly. There were some recitations, singing, and a dramatic performance. Then I was introduced and told about some of the farms I had seen in other countries. There was much noise and confusion because a business meeting was in progress on the balcony at the rear of the hall. We made our escape through the basement. Flooded the carburetor and had difficulty

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4668

starting the car. It was R 4.30 p.m. when we reached home.

Sunday, 4 Dec.; cloudy and mild. Started rehearsing talk on China. Was interrupted by Otis who came out from Washington. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Ladd and two of their sons came out. I took them over to the Whippoorwill and gave each of them a glass of wine which they gulped down as if it were a drink of water on a hot day. Had a roast chicken supper which the Ladd Ladds enjoyed greatly. For townspeople they had remarkable appetites. They left at 7.30 p.m. and it was a great relief to be alone again.

Monday, 5 Dec.; a pleasant mild day. After noon I drove to ~~the~~ town with wife. I left her to do some shopping while I went to the residence of Mrs. Delashmut where I gave a talk on China before the Frederick Female Seminary Alumni, with about thirty members present, all ladies of middle age. Reached home before dark. Beginning to worry about Christmas presents.

Tuesday, 6 Dec.; fair and mild. Sat up writing until 1.30 a.m. Had Lewis paint the schoolhouse shed. Had a nap and did some writing. Congress met yesterday and promptly voted down ^{proposed repeal of the} the 18th Amendment, lacking five votes of the necessary majority.

Wednesday, 7 Dec.; cloudy and mild. Visited sister and mother at Winworth. Both thought I should buy another horse while they are cheap. I objected because I would have to buy feed for it and it might die before spring opened and I could use it. Writing in the afternoon and evening. There was a good notice in the local paper of my talk on China.

Thursday, 8 Dec.; fair and cool. Wife ~~at~~ and I went to town for groceries. Stopped at Winworth on the way. Got the candy boxes that had been made to wife's order. Had luncheon at Snyder's. Did some shopping. Upon return I resumed my writing.

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4669

Friday, 9 Dec.; clear and cold. Reading Payne's "Age of Reason" until midnight. I now understand why he was regarded with so much ~~hor~~ horror by church members during the last century, because ~~the~~ he had the temerity to point out the apparent contradictions and discrepancies in the bible. Spent the afternoon writing notes. I enjoyed the afternoon with a good fire, alone, and no interruptions.

Saturday, 10 Dec.; snowing last night and today. Shoveled some paths between the buildings. Attended a Farm Bureau meeting and luncheon at the Francis Scott Key Hotel. Wife enjoyed the meeting greatly. We left at 2.45 p.m. Houses ~~warm~~ warm and comfortable.

Sunday, 11 Dec.; snow and fog. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill writing notes on my stay in Geneva in 1928. Had over 1100 pages of shorthand notes, which would make a lot of typewriting, especially if the correspondence referred to in the notes were to be copied. Apparently the best plan will be to type the whole and then condense and revise. Also there is the question of using the proper names of persons still living, which might be embarrassing. Then, there is the question of my intercourse with certain females that would make interesting reading but might offend the Puritanical minds of some readers.

Monday, 12 Dec.; fair and thawing. There was a beautiful spectacle in the morning of ground and trees covered with snow and a sheet of ice. Wife and I went to town in the afternoon for some shopping.

Tuesday, 13 Dec.; cloudy and a light rain. Writing notes on January, 1929, and trouble with Otis and Thelma. The cats are very comical.

Wednesday, 14 Dec.; cloudy and threatening snow. Writing notes on Guatemala. Wife wanted to go to town for a candy spoon but I objected on account of the slippery roads.

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4670

Thursday, 15 Dec.; clear and cool. Took wife to town to get a candy fork. We went to a picture show with "Tess of the Iberville" which I did not like because of its consistent gloom. Got the license tags and also the Christmas cards we had printed with reproduction of the Cricket House picture, but did not like them because they were on cheap paper with green ink. The valley covered with snow was a beautiful sight.

Friday, 16 Dec.; fair and cold. Went down to Winworth. Both mother and sister not feeling well because of the grippe and having difficulty in keeping their house warm. Valley beautiful under its mantle of glistening white. Also the windows covered with wonderful frost patterns.

Saturday, 17 Dec.; snowing last night and today. House kept nice and warm by the furnace. Spent the day reading and writing.

Sunday, 18 Dec.; clear and cold. The snow was seven or eight inches deep. Shoveled some paths. Wife made bonbons in the afternoon. I did some writing.

Monday, 19 Dec.; cloudy and threatening more snow. Took wife and sister to town on a shopping trip. Back at 4.30 p.m. Rather hard on the engine coming up the mountain.

Tuesday, 20 Dec.; clear, hazy, and cold. While eating breakfast a Mr. Bruchey, who owns a small place on Rock Creek between Sunny Hill and Clifton, came to ask permission to haul some wood across my place from his woodlot over the ridge. At noon took wife to town for some Christmas shopping. We bought a suitcase for Otis, a bathrobe for Thelma, and a lot of other things. Back at 3 p.m. and I did some writing.

Wednesday, 21 Dec.; fair and cold. Again took wife to town at noon, had luncheon at Snyder's, and did some more shopping. Had trouble coming out with the steering wheel, but by careful driving

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4671

managed to get up to the garage. This was made possible by the frozen ruts in the snow which the wheels followed. Had the Ideal Garage men out with wrecking car and they took the sedan back with them for repairs. The steering gear was completely out of commission

Thursday, 22 Dec.; a clear mild day. Had a man come out from the garage and take me to Frederick where I got the sedan and drove back at 3.15 p.m. In the evening writing about Panama in 1929.

Friday, 23 Dec.; cloudy and threatening snow. Had some coal sent out from Frederick. Waiting for it and because of delay we ~~could~~ could not go to town as we had intended. Had a neighbor cleaning house for us.

Saturday, 24 Dec.; cloudy and mild. We went to town for a turkey and other things. In the afternoon we cut some greens with which to decorate the house. I took some presents down to Winworth and returned at 4 p.m. Tired of Christmas preparations, but wife enjoys them.

Sunday, 25 Dec.; fog, cloudy, and mild. Mr. Price ^{sh} brought out Thelma and the baby, Otis and Ethel, about noon. Mr. Price looking ill. He said they had a drinking party all last night in their apartment. Wife's dinner was excellent. In the afternoon I drove down to Winworth and found the folks all comfortable. Back at home we opened the presents. Everybody pleased but Otis, who was grumpy.

~~Monday, 6 Dec.; cloudy and mild. The young people told about their drinking party. One of the men had Thelma on the floor and asked her to sleep with him. Otis had little to say. Mr. Price said he had not seen or heard of Otis for more than a month, and that Ethel had returned to Otis after she had been roaming with another girl on 11th Street. I had them over at the Whippoorwill and gave them some wine, which started them to talking. They told about wife~~

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4672

trying to get into Miss Jenkins' room to give it a cleaning, when they were all living in the same apartment together, because the room was a disgraceful mess, and the quarrel that ensued. Also they were laughing about the quarrel that resulted over the bedbugs in Miss Jenkins' room. I had always suspected that Miss Jenkins was buggy because she looked it. The young people left at 4.30 p.m.

Tuesday, 27 Dec.; raining softly all day. Finished reading "Hold Your Tongue," a book dealing with cases of libel and very amusing. Ø In the mail was a letter from Madame Scolari, my Rome landlady, Mr. Lubin, and Frank Andrew Andrews. Had some good radio music.

Wednesday, 28 Dec.; foggy, misty, and cold. I drove to town with the laundry and brought out groceries. Had a rush letter from Mr. Simon J. Lubin regarding the Institute wanting information for a Mr. Tugwell, a professor of economics of Columbia, who said that President-elect Roosevelt was interested.

(Lubin, 28 Dec., brown folder (1) in ans. to his of 24th, and (2) his letter of 26th.

28 December 1932.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Your letter of the 24th came yesterday with memo. to California legislators. It's O.K. See inclosed leaf from the Daily Digest.

"The illiterate jobber from whom you quote has the right idea--stand together and stop shipping stuff that will not sell for cost of production. No other way out. All this simply means organization, information, cooperation, quality of product, plus a little common sense and good business management. All the theorizing by self-complacent self-styled economists, college professors, and writers of bulky books, without practical experience, and all the legislation that can possibly come out of Babel, will not help. Also there is nothing quite so helpful and productive of results as a little self-help and common sense--i.e., realization of what can and what cannot be done--plus imagination, initiative and courage. Rather trite, but nevertheless true.

"If you can convince your California colleagues of the urgent need for mutual cooperation, self-help and united aggressive action along lines worked out by themselves you will have done the people of your State a real service. Most assuredly the city men, the men from the cornbelt States, the men from the cotton States, in the U.S. Congress cannot be depended upon to hand them a panacea for their economic ills. No, they must decide for themselves what they want and then go get it, and they can do it only through intelligent and united action.

"One other word from the Sunny Hill Sage (!!!--you see in my present situation I can afford to be honest without reservations, and smile): Take anything from professional economists and college professors with a grain of salt. As theorizers and self-complacent advisers they are pastmasters, but in the face of a practical situation their futility is pitiable. A good deal like doctors. Doctors are supposed to know

their business and we all consult them in time of trouble. The wise doctor with a grain of common sense seeks to help nature; nature effects a cure, and the doctor takes the credit--as he should, for his common sense illuminated by study, experience and knowledge. The super-scientific doctor who writes books, lectures, and has thus acquired a reputation, decides that an operation is necessary; the operation is highly successful--indeed quite beautiful, but the patient dies.

"It is these considerations based on rather long observation of the species that makes me profoundly distrustful of professional economists and college professors, outside the class room where they belong. Dozens of them were called into the Federal service during the war and without exception they were disappointing failures. In the general run there are exceptions, of course, such as Warren of Cornell and Carver of Harvard, both having the saving grace of experience and common sense. Just as Fisher predicted continued prosperity a week or so before the Wall Street crash of 1929, so most professional economists have made asses of themselves at one time or another--a feat to be condoned in most men who do not pretend to know better, but inexcusable in men who as a class assume infallible omniscience and sole possession of ultimate truth.

"Smile with me. I cannot express my thought so unreservedly to many others. Personally I consult a doctor on the rare occasions when I feel the need; but I don't take his medicine in his presence; I reserve the right to take it and watch results, or throw it away and chuckle when I get well. And so with economists; I would listen attentively to what they have to say, but I would heed the still small voice within that tells me whether it is good or bad. Verbum sap.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

28 December 1932.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Yours of the 26th reached me today. I am glad the advisers of the President-elect are interested in the International Institute of Agriculture. I should be more than glad to cooperate in any way to help break the unfortunate deadlock that has existed since 1926.

"I fully agree with your statements and suggestions.

"As to your specific question, 'What, if any, points would you insist upon as a condition to our active return? Or is the present status such that there would be no need of our doing anything but to pay our dues, select the right representative, and then behave ourselves?'

"Aside from the personal controversy between Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, and President DeMichelis, which was mainly responsible for the deadlock, the American delegations at the General Assemblies of 1924-6-8 contended that the President of the Institute should serve mainly as presiding officer, that the Secretary General should serve as executive officer, and that the Permanent Committee should have absolute freedom in the selection and dismissal of the Secretary General without regard to nationality. These were legitimate contentions in the interest of efficiency, and were embodied in a declaration of principles by the American Delegation at the General Assembly of 1926 and adopted. But instead of cooperating to make them effective the U.S. Government withdrew, except for its original treaty obligation--wholly due to Mr. Hobson's private animosity to President DeMichelis and the Italian people.

"I have before me a report of the American Committee on the International Institute of Agriculture, of which I am a member, for November, 1932, from which I quote:

"The resolutions they (General Assembly of 1928) adopted em-

bodied the three following fundamental principles:

"(1) That the duties of the office of president of the Permanent Committee be limited largely to those of presiding officer.

"(2) That the executive responsibility be placed in the hands of the secretary general operating under the direct control and supervision of the Permanent Committee.

"(3) That the Permanent Committee be permitted to exercise unrestricted freedom in the selection and dismissal of its chief executive officer, the secretary general.'

"Owing to a reservation of the Italian delegate designed to permit his government to ignore the decision of the General Assembly, the United States withdrew its delegate.

x x x x

"The Secretaries of State and Agriculture having decided that this anomalous situation should not be allowed to continue, a representative of the Department of State, Joseph C. Green, was sent to Rome in August, 1931.

"All parties were eager to terminate the unsatisfactory situation and the Permanent Committee in December, 1931, reaffirmed in a unanimous resolution its intention to abide by the letter and spirit of the 1905 Convention and the revised statutes of 1928. The American representative confirmed the satisfactory nature of this decision by making the following statement, under instructions:

"In view of the resolutions which have just been adopted by the Permanent Committee and in view of the declaration of the president, by which the Italian government has withdrawn its reservation of 1928, the Government of the United States is prepared to recommend to the Congress of the United States that appropriations be voted to enable the American government to resume its full cooperation with the Institute of Agriculture."

"On June 28, 1932, the President transmitted to the Senate a message in which he requested an annual appropriation of \$48,500 for expenses of participation of the United States in the International Institute of Agriculture, x x x being (1) the equivalent of 192,000 gold francs as the annual quota of the U.S. and dependencies, (2) salary of permanent delegate, and (3) rent, subordinate personnel, and equipment.

"I think that answers your question fully. The American contentions for provision for efficient service have been fully and freely granted; no one opposes the full cooperation of the U.S.; all desire it; it is necessary to enable the Institute to function properly, and would represent a financial saving to the U.S. All that remains is to appropriate the legitimate quota of the U.S., appoint a competent Permanent Delegate, and proceed to put new life, efficiency and value into the most useful international organization in existence--one about which there can be no difference of opinion or controversy--the only difference of opinion and controversy in the past was a purely personal matter between two aggressive individuals--both good men but biased by personal animosity.

"Yes, I will gladly discuss with any responsible person the reorganization of the executive departments of the Federal Government at Washington. That is really my specialty. On my arrival in Washington in 1893, Cleveland administration, from Texas, I immediately became stenographer for General Ainsworth, organizer of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department, and in two months was detailed as stenographer, chief clerk, and sole clerk to the experts employed by the Joint Commission of Congress to Investigate the Business Methods of the Executive Departments of the Federal Government, which lasted until June 30, 1895. The experts were Messrs. Rheinhardt, Haskens, and Sells,

president of the Santa Fe Ry.Co., secretary of the Manhattan Trust Co., and auditor of the O.W.Ry. and Navigation Co, respectively. I sat through and took an active part in the project, which resulted in a general reorganization of the Treasury Department and branches of other departments and in a substantial financial saving. Those three years of strenuous, intensive training under acknowledged experts was equivalent to a Phd. degree in reorganization. Then in the Wilson administration, under Secretaries Houston and Meredith, the Department of Agriculture underwent a rather complete reorganization in which I was especially active as chairman, secretary, or member of every committee that was appointed to consider the subject. Perhaps more than any other one person I was responsible for the merging of the Bureaus of Crop Estimates, the Office of Farm Management, and the Bureau of Markets, which were duplicating each other's work, into the Bureau of Agricultural Economics; and from 1913 to 1921 I was chairman of the Departmental Committee of Finance and Business Methods that formulated the Fiscal Regulations, and advised the Secretary as to all matters of reorganization and special problems of administration. Then I spent 1923-4 in the Argentine under contract to reorganize its economic and statistics bureau and other services, at a salary of \$15,000 gold and expenses; and then from 1925 to 1929 inclusive organizing the world agricultural census for the Institutem So, you see, my specialty is that of reorganization of government offices for efficiency and economy--developed by experience and running back to farm boy experience in the depression of the 90's.

"Naturally, with this background, I am keenly interested in any proposed reorganization by the incoming administration. I saw bureaus sprout and grow like mushrooms during the lush period of the war and since and many are crying out loud for pruning. It will be a painful process for two reasons: An army of hungry job hunters that will beset

the new administration, and howls to high heaven by bureaucrats if an attempt is made to abolish positions and services not needed in time of depression.

"My personal feeling and theory is that the same principles that apply to individuals should apply to the aggregation of individuals that go to make up the nation; that in time of depression when the individual's income dwindles and dwindles to the vanishing point, he cuts down expenses and goes without the things he wanted and could afford in time of prosperity and ample income, so the nation, the government should do the same, even though it is not so easy. Literally hundreds of special services have been built up in Washington, in response to specific demands, that are tremendously expensive but not necessary in times of depression. Cut them out. Other bureaus could greatly curtail their services, just as a factory reduces its output in the face of reduced demand. Why, a straight cut of 50% in the appropriations of the Federal Government would not cripple any vital service. This conclusion of mine is not of recent date--it's at least twenty years old, but it would be futile to trot out such an idea in times of blind inflation such as we saw from 1915 to 1929.

"As to the Domestic Allotment Plan, frankly I do not know. My sympathies are wholly with the farmers. So far as I know every scheme to raise the prices of farm products by legislation has failed in every century and in every country, except in countries of deficient production, i.e. importing countries. The U.S. is not an importing country for essential food products. On the contrary, it can easily produce enough food to feed all mankind. That's the rub. I would be inclined to favor the plan simply because the greater farm organizations think it will benefit farmers and openly advocate it. I think they are mistaken and that the results would be quite as disappointing as

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4673

Thursday, 29 Dec.; fair and mild. Went down to the lower place and found Lewis and two men hauling stone into a sinkhole that had developed in front of the shed.

(Mrs. Kernan, 29 Dec., brown folder)

(Frank Andrews, same.)

(Sra. Scolari, same.)

29 December 1932.

"La mia carissima regina dei cuore:

"(Is that spelled right?--you see I am getting rusty in my mountain dreamland.)

"I had no reply to my last letter to you somewhere in Switzerland and wondered what had become of the little lady who was so congenial ~~in~~ in Rome, when your welcome Christmas card gave me the old Long Island address. So, at least I know you are living, and smiling of course.

"As for me, tutti va bene, in spite of the fact that I am financially as poor as a mouse--and by the way I have 568,739½ mice--and four of the cutest bobtailed kittens growing up to take care of those same mice. Well, getting down to brass tacks for 1932: The three year drouth ended in October and now Catoctin Mountain is spouting water. The little wife, who could not come to dreamland with me because she felt her mission in life was to look after the adopted Adonis son, who married clandestinely at the ripe age of 17, discovered after 16 months that she could not compete with the rather experienced bride, and that her husband was ~~not~~ quite the ogre she had thought because he said the young people should go out and possess the earth that belonged to them by right of illegitimate birth, rejoined me in August and apparently has been quite happy since. The obstreperous young people, whose real education began with marriage, are quite sub~~du~~ed, so that's that. Not a pleasant experience, but like many other evils necessary. The daughter has a lovely blond/^{curly headed} boy baby just beginning to talk. We had them out for Christmas dinner--such a dinner--couldn't be obtained in Europe for love or money.

"Otherwise, I count my blessings. Extraordinary good health, a cheerful landscape, inexpressibly beautiful when covered with a mantle of snow, and at all other times; friends; a wide correspondence; books, magazines, and newspapers; flowers, domestic animals, wild life to interest me; music, pictures, and a radio that connects with all cities

of the world; and shorthand notes of my travels that I am revising and that enable me to live it all over again; and calls for travel talks before local civic organizations that add to my circle of friends; to say nothing of the good little fairies, elves, and gnomes that inhabit my mountain. Too good to be true, you say? Well, I'm not saying anything about the legion of little jinxes that camp on my trail, because I won't give them that satisfaction. Unless I can actually catch one and squish him I make it a practice to ignore them--you see, with them and with me it's a game; we both understand it's their business to catch me napping and play tricks on me, and it's my business to thwart them. But somehow it's a good humored game and it would be a dull life without them.

"And now, my dear, little lady, it's about time you wrote me what tricks you have been up to since I last heard from you, and all about the Crown Prince and his doings, and whether his queen mother is still an invalid. And how about your Piqua friends, Catherine and her mother? I have not heard from them and have wondered if Prince Charming came along and recognized the little princess that Catherine was and made her happy.

"Please write me when you feel in the humor--after all friends are our most valuable possession. Forgive me if anything I ever wrote offended you. May the New Year bring you lots of sunshine and good cheer.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

29 December 1932.

"Dear Mr. Andrews:

"I was greatly pleased to get your letter of 23 December, with news of yourself, your family, and the Bureau at your station. My principal regret at the turn events took--my foreign assignment and subsequent retirement at the beginning of 1931--is that I lost touch with my former associates and friends in Crop Estimates. Naturally my interest in them and in the organization with which I was so long identified was, is, and always will be very keen.

"And yet I rarely go to Washington and have not been inside the Department for more than a year. I have asked myself why. I think it is partly because Washington has changed so greatly in the last ten years that it no longer seems like home; its streets are crowded with traffic, no place for a stranger to park his machine and one has to pay for putting it up for a few hours with a garage. The last time I was in the Department it was so depressing that I felt I never wanted to see it again. The corridors were dark, the rooms gloomy, and the people looked listless and discouraged and as if dying of dry rot. Most of the old friends and acquaintances I met seemed to have aged ~~gre~~ greatly, bald heads or gray hairs, and they seemed to be embarrassed for want of ideas outside of their little daily routine. I suspect that not one of them had been in the National Museum, the Library of Congress, the Art Gallery, or had read a new book in the previous five years--their lives had narrowed down to the machine-like routine of their offices and desks. Perhaps that would have been my fate had I remained in the service.

"From my own mountain retreat I can see from Loudon County, Va., across the Potomac, to the hills about Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, a sweep of thirty or forty miles, over one of the most beautiful and satisfying valleys in the world. I have new books every month and

time to read them, many magazines and newspapers, radio, phonograph, and piano; my flowers, domestic animals, and wild life to interest me; a rather extensive correspondence, occasional travel talks before local organizations, and for steady occupation I am revising shorthand notes of my travels, which enablesm me to live it all over again-- a rather unique experience.

"The two adopted children both got out of bounds during my long absence, quit school, and married clandestinely, when their real education began, and are now greatly subdued. We had them out for Christmas dinner and I think they now thoroughly appreciate what they disdainfully scorned during the years of their adolescence.

"I am always pleased to hear from you, so write when you feel in the humor. With best regards to you and Mrs. Andrews, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4674

Friday, 30 Dec.; a dense fog all day. Took wife to town for groceries. Had to use the headlights to pick our way through the fog. Returned to Winworth in time for a chicken and plum pudding dinner with sister and mother.

Saturday, 31 Dec.; clear and cold. Took laundry to town and brought out groceries. Stopped to see mother and sister. Working on summary of the year's receipts and expenditures, which is discouraging.

Had a disagreeable argument with wife yesterday. I inadvertently made a remark about the type of American women who go to North Africa, Turkey or Arabia on the chance of experiencing sexual intercourse. Wife expressed disbelief that any white woman would do such a thing. I said that Thelma was of that type because from childhood she had painted, dressed, and postured with a view to attract the attention of men. Wife protested that it was not so and that Thelma never painted as much as Eunice did. I readily agreed but suggested that there was some excuse for Eunice because she was a professional musician and much of her time was spent in theaters under artificial light where a little paint was necessary, but there was no excuse for Thelma. Wife insisted that Thelma was the equal of Eunice and was ugly about it, and greatly disparaging Eunice's ability as a musician. I was surprised at the animosity she displayed. She had never given me any hint as to ^{what} Eunice ever did or said to incur her violent dislike. I could only suspect that it was because Eunice was young, good looking, and very efficient in many things.

This brings my notes down to the end of 1932. The year had seen me reach the point where I was prepared to go to another state to acquire legal residence and obtain a divorce in the event wife would

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4675

not join me at Sunny Hill. I was deterred ~~from~~^{for} taking that step only because of my feeling of responsibility for her and the vision I had of her pursuing her lonely mistaken way which I knew would be ~~hard~~ hard and disappointing the moment I stopped paying her expenses. It was ~~with~~ with this feeling that I persistently wrote to her, and after the children left her and she was alone the time was propitious and she yielded. I have never regretted persuading her to come to me at Sunny Hill and I am sure that both she and I ~~are~~ were happier ~~for~~ for it. Almost for the first time in our married life we ^{were} have lived ^{ing} together alone. She had made no friends in Frederick County and would have nothing to do with the neighbors, which I think was a mistake. She had been with me two or three times to see mother and sister at Winworth and had invited them to dine with us twice. She would be happier and ^{it would be} easier for me if we had a third person to live with us. We have thought of her niece, Emma Burton, but Emma seems to think she is under obligation to live with her cousins in Richmond because they nursed her through ^{an} ~~her~~ illness following an automobile accident. Thelma and Otis have been out many times since wife ~~was~~ came. They have not changed much except they are not so overbearing, independent, and insulting as formerly and have become quiet and well behaved. Wife is still ardently devoted to Otis and keeps the Cricket House ~~always~~ ready for him. It is never locked so that he can come to it any time day or night.

The great drouth continued until autumn and in the winter months there was much rain and snow. The houses were kept comfortably warm and we had ~~the~~ radios, newspapers, magazines, and books. I spent most of my time until 10 p.m. at the Whippoorwill writing abstracts of my diary as a basis for an autobiography. In doing so I lived over the past years again very agreeably.

The question now is how to handle the material. Probably it

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It was with this feeling that I persistently wrote to her, and after the children left her and she was alone the time was precious and she yielded. I have never resisted persuading her to come to me at Sunny Hill and I am sure that both she and I were happier for it. Almost for the first time in our married life we have

lived together alone. She had made no friends in Frederick County and would have nothing to do with the neighbors, which I think was a mistake. She had been with me two or three times to see mother

and sister at Winthrop and had invited them to dine with us twice. She would be happier and easier for me if we had a third person to live with us. We have thought of her niece, Emma Butler, but Emma seems to think she is under obligation to live with her cousin in

Richmond because they nursed her through her illness following an automobile accident. Thomas and Otis have been out many times since wife came. They have not changed much except they are not so

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I spent most of my time until 10 p.m. at the Whippoorwill writing abstracts of my diary as a basis for an autobiography. In doing so I lived over the past years again very pleasantly.

The question now is how to handle the material. Probably it

(1932, Dec. S.H.)

E--4676

will be best to transcribe^{the} the notes in full so as to have a typewritten record; index the material for reference, and condense and summarize it for the years prior^f to my connection with the International Institute of Agriculture. From that point a collection of my letters home would make a narrative account of my travels. Then beginning with my return to the United States the notes should be summarised and condensed until wife joined me in August of 1932. The program would then be:

- (1) A condensed summary of 1869 to 1925.
- (2) Letters with connecting explanatory notes 1925-1929.
- (3) Condensed summary 1930-1932 inclusive.

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4677

Sunday, 1 Jan.; clear and cold. The wind roared and shook the house during the night, but we were warm and comfortable. Took some stovepipe down to Winworth and sat with mother and sister awhile. Eunice and Charlie were there also. All were looking well. Spent ~~the~~ the rest of the day working on accounts for last year. Poorer at the end of the year than at the beginning. This year will have to be the test as to whether or not we can continue to live at Sunny Hill on present income. The prospect for obtaining employment of any kind seems remote because of depression, lack of demand, and competition. Considered the possibility of trying to write and sell short stories, but realize that is precarious and do not like to do it in the midst of preparing material for autobiography. After that is completed and only then would I feel free to turn my hand to something else.

Monday, 2 Jan.; a clear mild day. Made fires, fed and ⁴watered chickens, and other odd jobs. When I went for the mail I stopped to see how Emory was getting on with thinning out some woods. The kittens caught some mice today and were very amusing. Most of the day filing correspondence and writing up notes for March, 1929. Felt a strong impulse to go out and do some pruning, but could not take the time from writing.

Tuesday, 3 Jan.; bright and warm, with white frost. Lewis came up for the truck to haul cinders for sister. After the usual chores I cut the dead stems in the two gardens near the Cricket House. In the mail was an accumulation of newspapers and some letters, one from Mr. Kaufman of Sacramento. Did some writing. The kittens and guineas a continual source of amusement.

Wednesday, 4 Jan.; a bright warm day and a beautiful view over the mist covered valley. At the mail box I saw Mr. Krantz getting logs down with a horse from the opposite ridge. After luncheon

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--467⁰

I began drafting an article on balancing the budget for possible publication.

Thursday, 5 Jan.: fair and pleasant. Writing on the budget article, but not in the humor to work and made slow progress. After supper Lowell Thomas announced over the radio the sudden death of Calvin Coolidge.

This led to the thought that I would be 64 next March and that 63 is said to be a critical year for men, so that apparently my life expectancy is drawing to a close. The constant dropping off of men over 45 made me feel that I should be prepared to go at any time. To me it would come as a welcome rest, my only wish being that it should not be long and painful.

Friday, 6 Jan.; forenoon cloudy, afternoon clear. Did some writing last night. Lewis up to haul wood from the pile to the two houses. Took wife to town and we did some shopping and errands. Back at 1.45 p.m. Had a plumber out to clean some of the pipes that were clogged. Another young man was out to get an accumulation of milk bottles. Read the papers and revising draft of budget article. Wife had a letter from Emma Burton saying she was coming to Washington next Sunday and might come out to Sunny Hill.

Saturday, 7 Jan.; clearing afternoon with high wind. The mail carrier ^Ame up with a registered package that proved to be part of an Estabrook genealogy published in London. Mrs. ^CAline up to help clean house. A letter from Mr. Lubin said he was on his way to New York and would stop off in Washington on his return. ^AHa to telephone a plumber to come out and start the pressure tank and pump. I got out the sedan and washed it off. Pump to Cricket House cistern frozen and broken. Finished typewriting the article on balancing the budget.

Sunday, 8 Jan.; cloudy morning, clear afternoon. We left at 11.45

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4679

for Washington to bring Emma Burton out with us. There were many cars on the road. We found Emma at the Ladds just as they were rising from the table. They insisted on resetting the table for us. We got away a few minutes before 3 p.m. and reached Sunny Hill before 5 p.m. The house was rather cool and it took some time to get up steam. Enjoyed reading a book ^{American} "X/ Branch of an English Family." It starts off with a geneology of a branch of the Estabrook family, but soon becomes a story of one family member of it, is rather diffuse in form, but with some things in it that are amusing, especially quotations of some of the tributes paid to some of the early preacher Estabrooks at Concord, Massachusetts.

Emma Burton looked older and thinner as the result of a hard year keeping house for the hysterical wife of her cousin in Richmond.

Monday, 9 Jan.; raining last night and this morning. Did some odd jobs, including bailing out the cellar. Got the mail and read it. Walker Chapman came out for a short visit while his mother-in-law attended a funeral in Frederick. He said his wife was expecting a baby. After he left I did some writing.

Tuesday, 10 Jan.; a fair pleasant day. Sent the budget article to the Saturday Evening Post. Took wife and Emma to town and left the laundry. I did a number of errands and the women some shopping. Had a pleasant ride back. Had luncheon at 3 p.m. and supper at 8. Have been reading some of the O'Brien plays, which I did not like.

Wednesday, 11 Jan.; cloudy and warmer. Took Emma in the pickup with me for the mail. Then drove in the sedan down to Winworth and brought up mother and sister. Had them with me in the Whippoorwill for awhile and played some favorite phonograph records. Then over to the Sunny Hill House where we had a nice dinner. Both mother and sister enjoyed their visit. Took them back at 3.30 p.m. W Emma went with me for the ride. After returning I had a nap, a nice supper of

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4680

O'Neil's

milk toast. Reading ~~O'Brien's~~ plays.

Thursday, 12 Jan.; clear and cold. Spent the day keeping the fires going and working on a prize word puzzle. Lewis used the truck to bring out some feed for sister. Emory came up to get some apples for his family. The Potomac Edison man out to replace one of the coils and exchange oven door on the electric cooking range. Wife baked some nice hot rolls. We have been very comfortable in spite of the severe cold.

Friday, 13 Jan.; clear and very cold. Took wife and Emma down to Winworth and had a nice luncheon and visit with mother and sister. Later we went on to ^{ex}Fredick for a shopping tour. We got ~~a~~ back at 5 p.m. as it was getting dark.

Saturday, 14 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Drove to town with Emma for the laundry and a piece of goods that had been left to be hemstitched. Emma was expeditious and we were back at noon. After luncheon I had a nap and finished writing a three-letter word contest. I had heard a number of these contests announced over the ~~r~~ radio and decided to try my hand at it in a systematic way. From the letters in a short sentence I made up a list of 438 words, arranged alphabetically.

Thelma telephoned that her husband, Mr. Price, had to go to the hospital yesterday with pneumonia. On the way out Emma expressed herself as greatly pleased that wife had returned to me. Said she was very unreasonable last summer. Now everything seemed to be all right.

Sunday, 15 Jan.; foggy morning, clear afternoon. After breakfast I drove to Washington with wife and Emma to see Thelma. Otis and Ethel were there. Mr. Price had been taken to the hospital Friday and had been delirious ever since. He was in a separate room and his employer had agreed to pay all expenses. Before we left

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4681

Thelma asked me for some money, saying she had only fifty cents and her husband was unable to make a check, and I let her have ten dollars and told her not to worry about her rent or other expenses. Otis said he and Ethel had moved to a little bungalow in Cherrydale to be near his work. Another young couple shared the bungalow but were unable to pay their share of the rent and Otis was taking over an old Buick machine on which he was to pay sixteen dollars a month in lieu of rent. The whole arrangement looked complicated and precarious to me, but it was not my funeral and I said nothing.

We left at 2.30 p.m. and reached home at 4 p.m. I was very tired from the strain of driving so far and so fast and crossing the city traffic. Wife made tea at once and we had tea, crackers, and cheese.

Monday, 15 16 Jan.; lovely day; At 11 o'clock I walked with wife and Emma up through the woods to the top of Observatory Hill and down through the pines to the mail box, and from there through the glade to the spring and back through the woods. It was a very pleasant walk. Three of the kittens followed us and they seemed to feel that it was a great adventure. They were curious of every leaf, twig, tree and stone, and were very apprehensive, alert, and playful. Wife was much afraid they would get tired and wanted to carry them, but as fast as she caught one and reached for another it would escape and scamper away. As we came up the drive we found one of the Sheets girls and little Doris, a girl of about two years, with the rent money for January. .

After luncheon wife and Emma came over to the Whippoorwill to put a new spread ~~if~~ on the reading table. They sat half an hour or more listening to the Marine Band over the radio. Wife telephoned to Washington and learned that Mr. Price was resting well.

Tuesday, 17 Jan.; fair and mild. Took wife and Emma to town.

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4682

I sent two contest word lists by registered mail. In the mail box I found my returned manuscript on "Balancing the Budget" from ~~the~~ the Saturday Evening Post. After luncheon took ~~and~~ a nap and then drove down to see mother and sister awhile. Both well. Thelephoned the nurse at the Emergency Hospital in Washington, who said that Mr. Price was doing well and wanted my wife and I to come and see him before Friday.

Wednesday, 18 Jan.; fair and mild. After and early luncheon I took wife and Emma to town and we saw the picture play "Prosperity" with Marie Dreisler, which we all enjoyed. ^a~~H~~_A a new battery put in the pickup. Reached home kortly after 4 p.m. and began writing travel notes. Otis telephoned that he would bring Ethel and Thelma out in the evening.

Thursday, 19 Jan.; fornoon heavy fog and rain, afternoon clear. Otis, Ethel, Thelma and baby, reached Sunny Hill at 10.30 p.m. I took Otis over to the Whippoorwill and gave him a glass ~~ng~~ of wine. He related how Mr. Price had left his car parked near the place where he was employed and in an interval of ~~consciousness~~ ^{consciousness} at the hospital had asked a friend to get it. The friend went for it and returned to report that it was gone. Mr. Price thought it must have been stolen and had his friend report its loss to the police. It happened that Thelma thought of the machine, got it, and had Otis put it in a garage back of their apartment and lock the door. So there was a general mixup. Otis said that Mr. Price was delirious ~~most~~ of the time and imagined that some one had forged his name to a paper for \$170,000. We returned to the Sunny Hill House and wife set out a light supper and some ice cream for the young folks. About 11.30 p.m. Otis and Ethel retired to the Cricket House. Then Thelma asked for a talk. She was greatly overwrought and almost hysterical as she poured out a tale of woe due to "Jack's" mis-

deeds, neglect, illtreatment, affairs with other women, and what not; but what seemed to hurt her worse than anything was his statement to the nurse that he never wanted to see her or the baby again; and next worse was her objection to her husband bringing some of his friends to her house; and then she began to outline what she proposed to do to him and them; and above all she proposed to have her "rights," which included a "good time." I tried^{to} pour oil on troubled waters by telling her that her husband was dangerously ill, delirious, and when he came out of his delirium he would have no recollection of what he had said, which really meant nothing while in that state; that her husband also had "rights," and that the house they lived in was his quite as much as hers, inasmuch as he had worked and earned the money to pay for it; that his friends should be quite as welcome in his home as were her friends; and that she herself was no angel and perhaps had not been as good a wife as he had been a husband. But she was very bitter against him and said she would leave him and find employment and be independent. It seemed to me that I remembered some such statements before. She was so exceedingly bitter, unjust, and vindictive that it made a very bad impression. It was long after midnight before wife and I got her quieted down and she would consent to go to bed. Somehow I felt all through this and other interviews while her husband was desperately ill that Thelma was acting a part, posing and declaiming, as in a theatrical performance; at least she expressed her trouble in that way, as she had doubtless seen it portrayed in picture shows.

Otis

When we got up at 6 a.m. the visitors had gone because_^ had to be ready for work at the store by 7 a.m. Otis seemed to be soberig greatly and had lost his offensive domineering manner.

We left shortly after 11 a.m. and reached Washington at 1 p.m.

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4684

I cruised about several city blocks and found a place to park the machine on 19th Street near the Avenue. We had luncheon in a small restaurant. Wife telephoned Thelma that we were there. Then we accompanied Emma to the street car line to take a car for Randall Highlands.

Wife and I walked to the Emergency Hospital, found the right room and the nurse in charge, and were admitted. Mr. Price was in bed with an oxygen~~x~~ tent over his head. He had asked that we come and we expected he had some message he wanted to communicate, but apparently he had none. He looked very weak and ghastly and while his voice was intelligible he could speak only a word or two at a time. He seemed pleased to see us, but had nothing to say. I tried to cheer him up by saying that he looked better than we had expected, all reports were encouraging, we believed he would be on his legs again soon, and we hoped he could come up to Sunny Hill and recuperate as soon as he was able, and above all things not to worry because there was nothing for him to worry about. It was a litt^{le}~~x~~ difficult to carry on~~e~~ a onesided conversation in this way, and I soon suggested th~~at~~ we had a long wa^a~~y~~ to go and a lot of cats, dogs, and chickens to feed when we got home, and we must start.

We reached Sunny Hill at 4.30 p.m. after a short stop in Frederick. Again I had a strong impression that Thelma was dramatizing her trouble.

(Thelma, 19 Jan., brown folder)

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(Thelma, 19 Jan., Brown folder)

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4685

Friday, 20 Jan.; a beautiful bright day. Reading mail until luncheon, after which a nap, and then cutting dead tops and weeds in the orchard garden. Started to revise the article on "Balancing the Budget," but did not get very far with it.

Saturday, 21 Jan.; raining in the morning, clearing afterwards. Did not sleep well last night and up at 4 a.m. for a smoke and some reading. Drove to town for the week's supply of groceries. Forgot my pocketbook and had to go to the bank for some money. Thelma telephoned her husband was resting easy and that she had been unable to cash the check I sent her. In the afternoon I ~~r~~read the mail, cut some flower tops, had a nap, and did some writing. I frightened away two dogs that were making a noise in the garden. I could not bring myself to shoot them because they so evidently wanted to be friendly. Emory ^CKline was up to see about work. I began rewriting the article on Balancing the Budget with the idea of trying it on the Forum.

Sunday, 22 Jan.; S.H.; heavy fog all day with occasional showers. Did not sleep well at night, probably because of bowel ~~x~~ trouble, and felt sleepy all day. ~~Otis~~. Otis, Ethel, Thelma and baby, came in the forenoon. Gave them a glass of wine and then we had a nice dinner. They left at 4 p.m. They said that Mr. Price was very much better and that his employer proposed to send him and Thelma to Florida.

In the late afternoon I did some writing. After supper I took Sandy and his supper to the barn for the night and inside saw a large skunk. By the time I got my rifle the animal had disappeared. This accounts for some broken eggs and uneasiness on the part of the guinea guineas at night.

Monday, 23 Jan.; a lovely day. Emory ^CKline pruning. Wife, dog, and two kittens, walked with me to the mail box. Wrote checks to settle accounts and sent in resignations from the American Forestry

(1933, Jan.S.H.)

E--4686

Association and the American Horticultural Society, in order to economize. After lucnehon cutting tops of iris and other flowers. By doing a little & each day I could hope to have the ground fairly clear by the time it is ready to plow when spring opens.

Tuesday, W 24 Jan.; clear and warm. Slept late. Lewis up early for the truck to do some hauling for Sister Nellie. Cut some flower tops and worked on a word contest. Read letters from Thelma and her husband. Went to town in the afternoon with laundry and to mail ⁱⁿ some letters. Stopped at Winworth on the way out. Sister said her old mare, Grace, was getting decrepit and when she laid down she could not get up without help. At home started to type revised version of article on Balancing the Budget.

(Thelma, 24 Jan., brown folder. ✓

Association and the American Horticultural Society, in order to
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 By doing a little I can say I could hope to have the ground fairly
 clear by the time it is ready to grow when spring opens.

Thursday, 24 Jan.; clear and warm. Slept late. Went to early
 for the truck to do some hauling for Sister Nellie. Cut some flower
 tops and worked on a word contest. Had letters from Thelma and her
 husband. Went to town in the afternoon with laundry and to mail
 some letters. Stopped at Winworth on the way out. Sister said her old
 nurse, Grace, was getting decrepit and when she laid down she could
 not get up without help. At home started to type revised version
 of article on balancing the Budget.

(Thelma, 24 Jan., brown folder.)

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4687

Wednesday, 25 Jan.; cloudy, high wind, spitting rain. Lewis hauling wood from pile to cellar. Walked to the mail box and back. Received a copper kett^l~~er~~_^ for the stove in the Whippoorwill from Emma Burton.

After luncheon took a nap and then did some writing. A seed agent called and I had difficulty in getting rid of him. However, I learned from him something about the roads from Point of Rocks to Leesburg and other points in Virginia.

It was a wild night outside and the dog and the cats were very uneasy.

Emma
(~~Mother~~, 25 Jan., brown folder) ✓

25 January 1933.

"My dear Emma:

"Little Miss Copper Kettle arrived today from Hecht's. She looked just a little bewildered when she was taken out of her box in the dining room and realized that two pairs of human eyes, one pair of dog's eyes, and four pairs of cat eyes, were fastened upon her--enough to embarrass any young lady. However, when she saw how friendly all the eyes were, how bright the room was and how warm, she smiled back and was duly accepted as a member of the Sunny Hill family. After a good hearty drink of Sunny Hill water, the first she has had, she felt better but just a little cool and dignified. Then she was taken over to the Whippoorwill and introduced to the big black mammy stove. A little later she began to bubble and sing and really became quite scandalously hilarious, so much so that Sandy, who came over to watch proceedings, became very doubtful about the propriety of remaining in the same room with her. So much for Miss Copper Kettle.

"It seems like a month since you left and we miss you greatly, especially Bluey. After we left you on bleak and barren Pa.Ave. we went to the Emergency Hospital and saw Mr. Price. The nurse cautioned us to stay only a few minutes because he was very weak and in the oxygen tent. He was cheerful, pleased to see us, and looked better than I had expected. I am confirmed in my belief that Thelma was inclined to dramatize the situation. Since then all reports have been favorable. ~~As soon as the patient can be moved~~ His employer undertook to pay all expenses and said last Saturday that as soon as the patient could be moved he will send him and his wife to Florida to recuperate.

"You remember we left last Thursday in a fog. Well, we returned in bright sunshine and the evening was the clearest we have had for many weeks, and the lights of Frederick and the valley were lovely. We both wished you could see them. Then we had alternate clear and

foggy days, the last two days like spring. Today the change came with a howling northeast gale that roars through the trees and shakes the houses--but how comfortable we feel tonight with brilliant light, warm snug rooms, radio music, plenty to read, and four smug kittens to purr and play for our amusement. Little Graytoes got a mouse this morning and ate it complacently while the other three sat around and watched her with wondering eyes. Night before last when I conducted Sandy out to his apartment de luxe in the barn we found a fine specimen of Skunkus in possession. When I turned on the light it gave me a look of mild surprise, elevated its beautiful plummy tail, slowly ambled over to a pile of boxes in the corner, and turned to look at me in an inquiring manner. I ran back for a gun, but when I returned it had disappeared. This accounts for broken egg shells in the nest.

"Now, my dear, put on your thinking cap and reach a decision as soon as you can as to when you can rejoin us. Your Aunt Nellie needs you as much or more than anyone else. I need you to help skim some of the schemes she skums, to argue with her, enjoy her and play with her. On the whole I think she is about as happy as she has ever been, but she lacks female companionship, the one thing I cannot supply. You see, from the time I first knew her she had her Sister Mary, then Miss Mary Graham, and then Miss Mattie Jenkins, followed by her experience with the two young, defiant, and derisive flappers, Thelma and Ethel--a situation she would never discuss with me but from remarks dropped by the male side of the house it must have been highly interesting and amusing. Now that she is living with an ogre, which is me, and I fully realize my shortcomings, she needs female companionship, and manifestly you are the one best qualified to supply that companionship.

"As I see it, she, and I, and you, are not quite as young as we were thirty or more years ago, no matter how much she protests to the contrary, and our future is not the same. That future is all we have

left, so why not make it bright, cheerful, and happy--a sort of play time, the sort we did not have when we were younger and had to work. I'm poorer than a church mouse financially, but I've got a snug mountain retreat and a million dollars worth of scenery and feel rich enough in many ways. We both want you to join in the Sunny Hill game because we feel we need you and that you by rights belong here. Your little room, a rocking chair, and a cat are waiting for you, and they look a little forlorn during your absence.

"Another thing: When you come--observe I do not say if you come--you are to feel as free as Sunny Hill air and sunshine, and no obligations whatever except that of companionship and playing the game; and when you feel the desire to visit either Washington or Richmond, simply say so and I will take you there, and no questions asked--because I think each one of us appreciates the fact that there are times when each wishes to be alone, or to see other scenes, live among other surroundings, and temporarily at least enjoy the illusion of independence.

"And so, my dear, we ask you to share our blessings and join our Sunny Hill game.

"Miss Copper Kettle sends you her best greetings and says she will sing you a little song when you come.

"So auf wiedersehen, au revoir, hasta la vista, y vaya con deus.

"Your affectionate

"Uncle Lee.

(1933, Jan. S H. X

E--4688

Thursday, 26 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Read the mail, had a short nap, and did some typewriting. We had a severe gale last night that drove the rain through the east wall and wet the wallpaper.

Friday, 27, Jan.; snowing. After it began snowing I hurriedly went to town for supplies. Mailed article on "Balancing the Budget" to the Forum. Had trouble with skidding in the snow on the way back. Finished a word contest and mailed the manuscript. Let Sandy into the Whippoorwill and he was much afraid of the copper kettle on the stove because it makes a whistling sound when the water boils. The shrubbery and trees covered with soft snow were very pretty. I brought out some wheat to feed the birds. There ~~are~~^{were} four male redbirds two females and many snowbirds that keep up a twittering and chatter on the grape arbor where we have a feed box for their benefit. The smallest of the four kittens which we call Gray Toes has taken a special liking to me. She wants to sleep with me at nights and whenever she sees me inside or outside the house she comes running to be petted.

Saturday, 28 Jan.; a clear, bright, quiet day. Got and read the mail. Writing letters in the afternoon. Mrs. ~~K~~^Cline cleaning house for us. Last night I finished reading "Strange Interlude" by O'Neil. It is a remarkable story, disagreeable at first but interesting toward the last.

(Jack--Mr. Price, 28 Jan., brown folder) ✓

(Editor, Taxes and Tydings, same) ✓

Among the letters written on January 28 was one to the Editor of the Frederick Post under the heading 'Taxes and Tydings' in which I commended the courage of Senator Tydings in protesting against the extravagant appropriation bills that were being presented to and passed by Congress. This letter was published a few days later.

(1933, Jan. S.H.)

E--4689

Sunday, 29 Jan.; clear and cold. After breakfast and chores I tried to mend a bent wood chair at the Whippoorwill, but the wood was so hard that I broke a metal drill on it and had to give it up. Did some typing. Emory ^CKline came to and ~~sk~~ asked if I would rent the lower house to him as he understood the tenants were about to move out. He was occupying a small house of mother's's and she had asked him to vacate because he did not pay his rent. His trouble was that he could get work only one or two days a week and when he was paid off he bought bootleg liquor and got drunk, instead of paying his debts.

Monday, 30 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Water in the tanks froze last night. After the chores, reading the mail and a nap, began drafting an article on "Radio Disappointments." I had no idea what if any publication would accept it, but it was some satisfaction to write what I thought of most of the radio programs. Wife and I enjoy watching the redbirds and the snowbirds at the end of the grape arbor. Their feeding box is opposite the window over our dining table and we can see them while we eat. Also the kittens and their antics are a constant source of amusement. Gray Toes will always come to me when I speak to her. Made three trips between the Cricket House and the wood pile with brush and twigs that had blown off the trees on to the lawn.

Tuesday, 31 Jan.; clear and warmer. From the mail box I could see that the upper roadside gate was open, ^although I had wired it shut the day before. Hearing the sound of chopping I walked through the glade and found one of the neighbors and a helper chopping a dead tree on the boundary line. I asked him to see that the gate was kept ~~xx~~ closed, which he promised to do. He said he found the gate open when he came in the morning; also that hoodlums had split the posts at a set of bars on his place. At noon I dragged out some brush that

(1933, Feb. S H.)

E--3 4690

Emory had trimmed from the apple trees. It seems to be characteristic of all pruners to let the brush ^{lie} ~~lay~~ where it falls for some one else to gather up. I used up my slender store of strength on this job. Had a nap and then did some writing. Drove a visiting dog off the premises. Sister telephoned for the truck and some posts tomorrow for mother's fence.

Wednesday, 1 Feb.; raining and cold. Drove to town for laundry and groceries, and on the way back stopped to visit mother and sister. Sister said the Connelys had arrived from Chicago and had bought Mr. Payne's place on the trolley line below Braddock. The "Balancing the Budget" article received back from The Forum. Similar article appeared in the Frederick Post today, but get no pay for it. Did some work on the Radio article. Had delicious liver and bacon for supper. Bought a copy of the Radio News for twenty-five cents thinking perhaps it could use my article, but found it ^{to be} ~~is~~ purely technical.

Thursday, 2 Feb.; a lovely spring-like day. I walked to the mail box to mail some letters and then down to the lower place. I noticed that the tenants had been cutting wood on one of the slopes and felt sure they were getting their winter's supply of wood there, without permission. The ^a ~~ban~~ door was broken. The peony patch in the orchard was full of dead weeds. Two men were cutting wood in Baker's lot and were very close to the line and I asked them if they knew where the line was and they said they did. I walked back by the spring. It was full of dead leaves and trash. In the upper spring was a burlap bag with a dead cat in it, & put there no doubt by hoodlums. With a stick I pushed it down stream so that the spring would clear itself, and as I did so a little garter snake wriggled out. Cut some flower tops and dragged out some orchard brush. Then slept until 5 p.m.

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flower tops and dragged out some orchard rubbish. Then slept until

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4691

Last night wife announced that I was living too much alone and should go to Washington once a week and see some of my friends and old associates. I suggested that I could not afford it. She said she would set aside five of the fifteen dollars she got from her rent allowance from the lower place.

Friday, 3 Feb.; a clear cool day. After reading the mail I cut off the dead stems of the artimesia with the pruning shears and found it quite a job. In the process I lost my pen and pencil case but found it later. Took wife to town in the afternoon and did some shopping. On the way back we stopped at Winworth for a dressed chicken Sister Nellie had given us. It was after 5 p.m. when we reached home and it seemed good to get into a ~~warm~~ warm house.

Saturday, 4 Feb.; snowing most of the day. The snow fell in large flakes and everything outdoors was extraordinarily beautiful. Also it was very cold outside, which seemed to make the warmth inside all the more comfortable by contrast. It was amusing to watch the kittens play in the snow. They ran about in it, rolled in it, and tossed it about with their paws. After noon began typing article on radio music. A letter from Thelma said that Mr. Price was improving, able to sit up, but very weak. Had a letter from Mr. Renn, Grange Master, expressing approval of my tax letter to the Frederick Post. Also had a letter from Mr. Longobardi inclosing a copy of an article he had prepared for a Cotton Congress at New Orleans. Altogether it was a most comfortable and enjoyable day indoors.

~~(Radio Disappointments, 4 Feb., brown folder.) omit~~

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4692

Sunday, 5 Feb.; clear and cold, ground covered with snow. Spent most of the day typing Radio article. Sandy, the dog, and Gray Toss, the cat, spent most of the day with me at the Whippoorwill. Sandy was jealous of the cats. Gray Toes was very affectionate and something of a nuisance because she wants to be petted, sleep in my lap, and when I go to bed at night she wants to sleep with me with her furry face against my cheek. The valley with it cover of glistening white snow was very beautiful. The snow was blowⁿ in whirlwinds across the field in front of the house. We had bbiled chicken and dumplings for supper, with gravy, potatoes, string beans, bread rolls and cranberry sauce. The furnace kept the house warm as toast.

(Jack --Mr.Price--5 Feb., brown folder)

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4693

Monday, 6 Feb.; clear and cold. After getting and reading the mail I cut several rows of flower stems. Had an electrician out to put in new heating rings in the electric range. In the afternoon cut some more flower tops, wrote some letters and corrected manuscript. Mailed the article on "Balancing the Budget" to the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore. Took some letters to the mail box and tracked a bicycle in the road in front of the house. . While it has been freezing all day there was some thawing in the sun.

(Renn, 6 Feb., brown ✓ folder)

(Longebardi, same. ✓ *omit*)

6 February 1933.

"Mr. Austin P. Renn,
Adamstown, Md.

"Dear Mr. Renn:

"I was pleased to get your letter and to know that you liked my letter to the Frederick Post on taxes and that you and the Grange and the County Farm Bureau are taking an interest in this important subject. It seems to me that now is the time to reduce taxes, when times are so hard that many cannot pay them, because we cannot hope to reduce them in time of prosperity when people continue to pay even though they may grumble about the increasing cost of government. Cost of government depends absolutely upon tax income; it rises with each wave of prosperity and increases in tax income; and then government officials plead to have it continued in time of adversity and predict all kinds of disaster if there is any reduction in taxes, because they know that a reduction in taxes automatically results in a corresponding reduction in cost of government. This can be brought about only through organization of taxpayers, and as farmers are undoubtedly paying more than their just share it is highly proper that their organizations, the Grange and the Farm Bureau, carry on their fight and have their full support. Otherwise they cannot hope to accomplish anything.

"Thank you for your invitation to be present at the meetings of the Pomona Grange. I note the date of the next meeting, but you did not mention the hour.

"With best wishes, I am

"Faternally yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4694

Tuesday, 7 Feb.; raining. Went to town for supplies and visited mother and sister on the way back. Lewis hauling wood to the cellar. Letter from Thelma said that Mr. Price was able to sit up in an armchair but too weak to stand. In the late afternoon began work on another word contest. We

Wednesday, 8 Feb.; Warm but getting colder. The expected blizzard did not come until late afternoon. In the morning there was a lovely spectacle of valley covered with white cloud like a shimmering sea in the sunshine, with only Sugar Loaf lifting its head above. Not a single house in the valley was visible. Later clouds came rolling up the valley from the west like great tidal waves.

We were up late in the morning. I spent several hours cleaning the truck with the intention of painting it, but when the clouds began to roll over the mountain and threaten rain I put the truck back in the shed. Did odd jobs until 3 p.m. and amused myself with making words from the letters to be found in a short sentence for a radio contest. Lewis came up with Mollie Mula and hauled wood in the cart to the cellar. About 5 p.m. the wind rose, it began to snow, and the temperature fell rapidly. By supper time the wind was roaring.

Thursday, 9 Feb.; clear and cold. Did the chores, got the mail, and worked the rest of the day on a word contest. Had a letter from Mr. Price saying he was back home but very weak. Wife said ~~she~~ she was writing to Emma to come and live with us, and asked what I thought she should pay. I said she should not be expected to pay anything if she would join in and do her share of the house work.

Friday, 10 Feb.; clear and cold. Took wife to town for some shopping and ran some errands. Mailed a contest list of words. Sat in the sedan a long time reading and waiting for wife to return and got very cold. Had a nap. Began to snow late afternoon. Received

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(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4695

back the Budget article from the Manufacturers Record.

(Adriana, 10 Feb., brown folder.)

Saturday, 11 Feb. M clear and cold with about four inches of snow on the ground. Wife went part way with me to the mail box and three kittens followed. The cats had a hard time getting through the snow because it was soft and ~~was~~ was deeper than their legs were long. Little^e Gray Toes was the only one that got as far as the mail box. The others got only half way down the slope and wife and wife turned back with them. After luncheon read the papers, wrote some letters, and filed accumulated correspondence and notes. The guineas were comical and I tried to get a photograph of them.

Kaufman ✓

(Longobardi, 11 Feb., brown folder)

10 February 1933.

"My dear Adriana:

"Your letter of January 28 came today. Yes, of course, I answered your last letter many months ago, the same week I received it, but no reply came until this last and I often wondered what had become of you.

"So the Jinxes have been after you again, and the Glooms have got you, and the Goblins are lurking in dark places and around corners? Sorry. Only one thing to do in those circumstances, my dear, and that is to put your thumb to your nose and twiddle your fingers at them, give them the Ha Ha, and never say die. Hard work, long hours, confinement, and inadequate salary are a bad combination; but in these ~~xx~~ times of unemployment any salary is something to be thankful for, and the lower cost of living makes it go farther. I wish it were possible for me to be munificent, but while I am rich in blessings I am poor in money income. I shall always regret that on your flying visit to Washington your official obligations prevented you from getting some real rest and relaxation at Sunny Hill. It was a great disappointment to me as I am sure it was to you.

"My wife rejoined me at Sunny Hill last August after an experience that has made her quite contented since. We have just come through the coldest weather of the season and our houses were warm as toast. Yesterday morning we looked over Frederick Valley that was filled from rim to rim with billowy white clouds, the city and farm houses and villages were completely blotted out and nothing was visible but a sea of cloud, with here and there a blue mountain peak like an island, and a glorious sun and a blue sky above. We have daily mail, newspapers, books and magazines, and radio music. I amuse myself trying to write an account of my travels, still in the shorthand stage, and I dread the drudgery of typing it later on. Last month I tried my hand at writing a few serious articles about 'Balancing the Budget,' Radio Disappoint-

ments,' and the like for magazines. One was published, but the others are circulating in typewritten form. Like cats they always come back and I am accumulating some beautifully worded rejection slips. However, I was somewhat consoled when I read that one of the magazines I sent an article to had enough manuscripts on hand to last it a year and was receiving new ones at the rate of 200 a day. Mine was simply one of the 200 on one day.

"Speaking of cats: We have four bobtailed kittens, born that way. They are a whole show. Three of them have white collars, pink noses, white bibs and white paws. The fourth has a black collar and bib and gray paws, so we call her Gray Toes. Gray Toes has adopted me as her patron saint and when I speak to her she answers and when I call she comes. She and the others are exceedingly playful and full of tricks. Also they delight to follow us over the place, sometimes half a mile from the house, playing with leaves, twigs, moss and other things and climbing trees. We also have an Airdale that is very amusing.

"Another interest is in watching the birds. During the winter months we put out feed for them at the end of a grape arbor in full view of our dining room window. Among those that come are six Red B Birds, as we call them (Gross Beak is their real name). They are brilliant little fellows with scarlet plumage, a black collar, a top-knot, and are little warriors, with a liquid song during the mating season.

"As 'chef du ^{service} ~~bureau~~ honoraire' I continue to receive literature from the Institute and in correspondence with Messrs. Longobardi and Dore and so am kept informed. Also I am in correspondence with Mr. Simon J. Lubin, son of David, and his sister, Mrs. Saqui. When I returned to the Department of Agriculture in November, 1929, I submitted a report on the Institute which did not agree with Mr. Hobson's. In it I said that Mr. Hobson had blundered egregiously, and recommended

that a disinterested observer be sent over to verify the facts and that the U. S. resume relations and play the game. By doing so I became exceedingly unpopular. But finally Mr. Hobson dropped out of sight, the State Department sent over a Mr. Green, who verified my statements and made the same recommendation I did. A bill is now before Congress to give effect to this recommendation. Recently Mr. Lubin was in New York and made a request by air mail for information about the status of the relations between the U.S. and the Institute, which I immediately supplied, for the economic adviser of the President-elect; so that matter will probably be straightened out in the course of time.

"Recently I had a letter from Mr. Hodgson, who is in Chicago and doing newspaper work and looking for a job. I have supplied a number of testimonials, because he gives me as a reference, but always most carefully worded, because like most of us he is a mixture of good qualities and some not so good. He and Mrs. H. are either separated or divorced.

"I wonder if you ever see my friend, Mr. E.A. Foley, Agricultural Attache, U.S. Embassy; or Mr. Thompson, British Delegate. Mr. T. and I were especially congenial and sympathetic and I considered him the most intelligent and the strongest asset to the census project. I often wonder how he is getting along. He is one of the two men with whom I have been associated in life whom I really loved.

"As gloom chasers how are these as samples of those I see almost every day:

"Over the radio an author of a book on the intimate life of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest characters of all history, and after mentioning some of the tragedies of Lincoln's life, not the least of which was being inveigled into marriage with a superficial, ambitious and half insane woman named Mary Todd, said that after he had become

President a scholar asked him why it was that his wife's family spelled their name with two d's. Lincoln, who had a rare sense of humor, replied, 'Well, you see, God Almighty spelled his name with one d, but wife's family require two.' Then he related another anecdote. During the great civil war between the South and the North over slavery the only Northern general who won battles was General Grant who was known to be a hard drinker. Then as now we had dry fanatics. A delegation called on President Lincoln and demanded that General Grant be discharged for drinking alcoholic liquors. After listening attentively to what the delegation had to say Lincoln replied, 'I wish I knew what brand of whiskey Grant drinks; if I did I would see that all other Union officers were supplied with it.'

"Last Saturday Evening Post--from recollection: A colored mammy with five little pickaninies and a baby in arms appeared before a judge:

"Judge: 'So you stole those chickens to feed your children?

"Mammy: 'Yas-ser; they was hongry an' I had to get 'em something to eat.

"Judge: 'But what was your husband doing?

"Mammy: 'Oh, he died ten years ago.

"Judge: 'But these children, the oldest is not ten.

"Mammy: 'No, suh; but you un'erstan' while he's daid I'se alive.

"Foolish, I know, but maybe you will smile. Well, my dear, keep up your courage. Lots of things, good as well as bad, can happen to any of us in the years to come, to you as well as to anybody else. Keep me advised of your address and write when you feel like it. Remember the Ulpia, and Alfredo's? Nice, wasn't it?

"Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

11 February 1933.

"Dear Mr. Kaufman:

"I was much pleased to get your letter of December 30 and intended to answer it without delay. To insure that it would not be overlooked I stuck it in a folder I keep for that purpose, but it slipped between two other sheets fastened together and was effectually hidden until it dropped out a few minutes ago when I went through the papers. Sorry, but these things happen sometimes in the best regulated of families.

"I examined your statistical summary with much interest. It is a fine piece of work. I could not help thinking what a wealth of material is available now in comparison with twenty or even ten years ago. Well, we have all contributed somewhat to bring this about.

"I can readily believe that California is hard hit. When we can buy fresh green peas in the pod two pounds for fifteen cents from California in the local chain stores, I wonder what the grower gets out of it. This county, Frederick, one of the most prosperous in the country formerly, has suffered not only from the depression, bank failures, unemployment, ruinously low prices, and the like, but three successive drouth years cut local crop production to less than one-fourth the usual.

"Your reference to official arrogance and the coming new deal was noted. I ran into it when I returned from my foreign mission and soon saw that my presence was embarrassing to the halfbaked complacent economists of my old bureau. My retirement came at about the worst possible time and involved considerable financial loss, but I have never regretted it.

"I have a very attractive place on Catoctin Mountain, 45 miles from Washington, beautiful scenery, flowers, daily papers, magazines, books, radio, visitors, local friends, a dwelling fitted with every modern convenience, a stone cabin for my den and study, and a sufficient

independent income to live on in great comfort, provided I can keep the farm from costing too much. I do a good deal of writing and have a rather wide correspondence that together keep me fully occupied. I am so comfortable here and have so many interests that I rarely visit Washington. The Bureau was so uncomfortable and disappointing the last year I was with it that I have never called there since, although I see a few friends from there occasionally. I sure would like the job of straightening out that Bureau under the new administration, which is about the only thing that would induce me to ^{leave}~~leave~~ my retreat.

"I get a good many letters from Mr. Simon J. Lubin, of whom you know, and have supplied him with information at various times. I see in him some of the traits and characteristics of his father, David, who by sheer persistence and pertinacity succeeded in founding the International Institute of Agriculture.

"When next you come to Washington I would be glad to have you come out to Sunny Hill for as long as you can stay, or at least have you to luncheon with me at the Cosmos Club.

"I would like nothing better than to hop into my car with my wife this spring and run up through New England, across to Chicago and see the exposition, and on out through the northern tier of States, and down the Pacific Coast, and back through the Gulf and Atlantic Coast States, but finances are too slim. So our only chance of meeting again seems to be on one of your annual visits to Washington.

"I have never forgotten my last visit to San Francisco en route from the West Indies to Honolulu and the Orient, and how you drove down from Sacramento especially to see me. It cheered me greatly, more than you realized. Except for a brief visit to Washington I had been away from home for two years, always among strangers and mostly among foreigners. For several months I had been in the tropics, baked, roasted, and boiled. When I got up to San Francisco, the

jumping off place for the Orient and more than a year's absence ~~fr~~ from the home country, I was not happy at the prospect of heading west instead of east. It ~~a~~ was cold, really cold, and foggy, damp, and dismal. I had to put on my heaviest winter clothing and then shivered most of the time. And everybody I met had the effrontery to ask me if I did not think the climate of San Francisco wonderful. While there I called at the various offices of the Department, only to be told that the main guys were out or away--I don't blame them for being away, but it was disappointing. Then on a mere postcard greeting from me you came down and showed up bright and early one morning and we had a day together and you drove me out from under that damned cloud blanket and I saw the sun again, the only time I saw it during my enforced stay in San Francisco. For that I owe you a debt of gratitude that I shall never forget and hope to have the opportunity to repay sometime.

"Well, we are both somewhat older in years than when we first met, With me it is a sort of play-time. I hope it is so with you. When I got back from five years of foreign service and separation from home I found family matters badly complicated. It took a good eighteen months to straighten matters out, but the job's done, the wife has settled down, the two adopted grown-up children are getting an A-B-C education in real life that makes me chuckle every time I think of it--and I'm satisfied.

"Good luck to you, and my very best wishes.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4696

Sunday, 12 Feb.; clear and cold with snow on the ground.

After doing the chores spent the day writing a letter to the

editor of the local paper on "The Snow Clad Hills of Maryland."

This was published a few days later

Very comfortable all day and had some good music over the radio.

~~(Edito, "Snow Clad Hills", brown folder) omit~~

Sunday, 15 Feb.: clear and cold with snow on the ground.

After eating the chocolate the day writing a letter to the editor of the local paper on "The Snow Glad Hills of Maryland." *This was published in the local paper.* Very comfortable all day and had some good music over the radio.

(Editor, "Snow Glad Hills", brown folder)

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4697

Monday, 13 Feb.; cloudy, dull, warmer. Country still covered ~~with~~ with snow. When I went to the mail box I saw ^{da}Ote Whipp dressed as a boy and pulling a sled. She said that her ^afather was worse and that her own little boy would have to have his tonsils out. Spent the rest of the day in the Whippoorwill writing up notes of Trinidad. We will be glad when the snow goes. It is a nuisance. We ^{had}~~have~~ plenty to eat but the supply of coal ^{was}~~is~~ getting low.

Tuesday, 14 Feb; cloudy, gloomy, and dull. Got some mail today for the first time in three days. Read the papers and spent the rest of the day writing up notes of Georgetown, Demarara. Last night wife and I listened to Mr. Hoover's address before the Lincoln Club at the Waldorf Hotel. It was a good talk on economics, the maintenance of the gold standard and international cooperation, but ^a~~made~~ no reference to Lincoln. The man who introduced him told an anecdote of an argument between a lawyer and an engineer. Each claimed that his profession was the oldest. The engineer said that when God divided the waters from the earth, that was an engineering job. The politician said that even so his profession was the oldest because before the engineers came there was chaos on earth, a situation that could ~~be~~ have been brought about only by politicians. Received the radio article back from the Forum with a note saying they had already published too much about the radio.

Wednesday, 15 Feb.; fair and warmer. Last evening I had a telephone call from Mrs. Potts in Frederick expressing appreciation of my snow clad hills article. The paper containing it came today. Put chains on the sedan and drove to town. Stopped on the way down to see mother and sister. On the way back I brought out some groceries for them. Sister said that poor old Grace, the mare, had to be shot the day before because she was too weak to stand. I assured her that if I got a team it would be available for both farms. In

Monday, 13 Feb.: cloudy, dull, warmer. Country still covered with snow. When I went to the mail box I saw a boy and a girl. The boy said that her father was worse and that her own little boy would have to have his tonsils out. Spent the rest of the day in the hospital writing up notes of findings. We will be glad when the snow goes. It is a nuisance. We have plenty to eat but the supply of coal is getting low.

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(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4698

town I stopped at the newspaper office for an extra copy of the snow article and was given eight. The editor called my attention to a special editorial about it. The cashier at the bank and several others also complimented me on it. Wrote some letters and some notes on my stay at Port of Spain.

Thursday, 16 Feb.; clear and cold with snow still on the ground. Read the papers containing an account of the shooting of Mayor Cermack of Chicago by a fanatic trying to kill the President. In the evening the radio announced the repeal of the 18th Amendment by the Senate. A Mr. Dymond of Garrett Park, Maryland, called in the afternoon to see if I would sell some of the larger pine trees. He said the customary price was one dollar a foot in height. Started drafting an article on Frederick County Opportunities for the Frederick Post. Received a special copy of the paper with the snow article and editorial calling special attention to it.

Friday, 17 Feb.; cloudy, dull, and gloomy. When I returned from the mail box I found a man from Shookstown waiting for me. He was looking for work. Said he had had no work for a year and was unable to pay the interest on his place, but the bank would not foreclose. In the morning paper was published a letter from Mr. William D. Grove, a regular contributor, highly praising my Snow Clad Hills of Maryland. In fact, he was so extravagant as to rank it with the famous poems of Whittier and Francis Scott Key. Took wife to town for groceries. Saw William Blank who used to work at Sunny Hill. We had not seen him for many years. He said he was married, had six children, and was living on a little place of his own near Braddock. After our return began writing the article on opportunities.

(Editor, "Frederick County Opportunities," ~~brown folder~~ which was published a few days later.)

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

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Saturday, 18 Feb.; fair and warmer. After the sun came out I painted the truck which I was planning to advertize in exchange for a team of horses. Its appearance was greatly improved. Had some visitors to see the place. One of them was a young man, smartly dressed and driving a new coupe with a pretty girl in it. It was one of the Krantz boys who, it seemed, only a few years ago was a little boy playing about the public road near Shookstown. In ten years he had changed from a little boy to a young man. Mrs. ^E Kline spent most of the day cleaning house for us. The paper announced the death yesterday of a neighbor, George Whipp, who for more than a year had not been expected to live. He was a good natured ne'er-do-well but because he had grown up in the neighborhood and was known of everybody and was always smiling he will be missed.

A letter from Emma Burton seems to give the impression that she would like to come with us but ^{did} ~~does~~ not feel free to leave her relatives in Richmond. This seems regrettable to us because we ~~do~~ ^{did} not feel that she ^{was} ~~is~~ under obligation to them, especially as the wife of the family ^{was} ~~is~~ selfish, self-indulgent, and hysterical, and as such ^{felt} ~~feels~~ no household responsibilities and spends ^t ~~s~~ much of her time visiting relatives in Washington and elsewhere, leaving Emma to look after her house and family.

Sunday, 19 Feb. ~~M~~ fair, pleasant, but very muddy. Some snow still lingers. After breakfast and the chores I spent some time at the Whippoorwill writing up notes on Trinidad. Had a nap in the afternoon and drove down to Winworth to visit mother and sister. The road was nearly blocked with the cars of those who were attending the funeral services of George Whipp.

Monday, 20 Feb.; cloudy and warm. Had to get up in the night to bail water out of the cellar and fix a place to catch water that leaked into the bathroom. A letter from Thelma said Mr. Price was

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better. Also the manuscript article on Balancing the Budget was returned from Baltimore with a note saying the Manufacturers Record had more material on that subject than it could use. Lewis hauled wood to the cellar. One of the Sheets girls and a young man brought up the February rent.

Tuesday, 21 Feb.; clear and pleasant. Took wife to Washington. She visited some friends and I went to the Farm Hands Club luncheon. There was a full attendance and a discussion of the poultry and dairy business. I described my life at Sunny Hill during the winter months and was roundly applauded, I suspect because it was what most of those country minded city dwellers were dreaming about. ~~Mr. Montgomery~~ Then the county agent of Montgomery County spoke of the merits of his county and said the dairymen of that county who supplied Washington got the highest prices for their products paid in the United States. I sat next to Assistant Secretary Dunlap, who spoke jokingly of the termination of his service next month. I met a number of acquaintances and friends at the luncheon. I stopped at the Cosmos Club to rest and look over the daily papers. We got away at 3.30 p.m. On Wisconsin Avenue a car driven by a young lady dashed into the road directly in front of me and I averted a serious accident only by swinging sharply to the left, just missing a telegraph pole. The cars came together at an angle and simply crumpled the guards and fenders. A little time was lost while I investigated the damage and got the young lady's name and address and car number. The morning edition of the Frederick Post contained my article on Frederick County Opportunities.

Wednesday, 22 Feb. Missing.

Thursday, 23 Feb.; fair. Drove to town with the Sedan and had it gone over at a garage. The damage from the collision proved to be slight and easily repaired. Got the laundry and some supplies.

